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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

A MINT OF MONEY; OR, THE YOUNG WALL STREET BROKER.

By A SELF-MADE MAN.



Broker Eddie was a veritable walking mint. In each hand he carried an open satchel of money, while bills of all denominations stuck out of his pockets. "Here's the cash, Mr. Smooth," he said, coolly. "Now cough up that stock."

Fame and Fortune Weekly

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY

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∴ A MINT OF MONEY ∴

OR,

THE YOUNG WALL STREET BROKER

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

EDDIE NOTT, THE NEW BROKER.

"Who's the new broker?" asked Jack McGuire, a popular member of the New York Stock Exchange of a brother member, as the two men paused in front of a door on the fourth floor of the Barnum Building, No. — Wall street, one morning, and stood watching the dextrous fingers of a sign painter as he was lettering the frosted glass with the following legend:

EDDIE NOTT.
Stocks and Bonds.

"You've got me," replied his friend. "Never heard of the man."

"Somebody from out of town, I guess, who has come to New York to do us up at our own game," grinned McGuire.

"And he'll do it, too! Oh, yes; of course he will! I see visions of it. I hope he has brought a fat wad with him."

"Why?"

"Because I should like the pleasure of helping him get rid of some of it."

"There's nothing mean about you, Robinson."

"That's right, McGuire. I'm always ready to take a newcomer by the hand and show him the ropes."

"I'd hate to have you show me the ropes, Robinson; upon my soul I would."

"Why so?" laughed his friend.

"Because you'd surely lead me into some trap and get legal possession of my little bank account."

"Isn't that a rather tough accusation to make against a friend?"

"It would be anywhere outside of Wall street," replied McGuire.

The two men walked away, laughing heartily.

They were hardly out of sight before a bright-eyed, well-dressed boy of eighteen, with an alert, business-like air, came quickly down the corridor, and paused before the door the painter had now finished lettering.

"You've done that up brown, Mr. Ruggles," said the boy, approvingly.

"I'm glad you like it, Mr. Nott," replied the painter. "I always try to do the right thing by my customers."

"If you do everything as well as that there ought to be few kicks coming your way. Come inside and I'll pay you."

Eddie Nott unlocked the door, and the two entered the office, which had a door on either side—one, the upper half of which was ground glass, communicating with a small room adjoining, which Eddie intended to use as his private office; and the other, which was locked, connecting with the office of a neighboring tenant named Dudley Smooth, who also did business in stocks and bonds.

"Oh, I forgot," said Eddie. "I want you to paint the word 'Private' on that inner door."

"All right, sir; I'll do that in a moment."

While the sign painter was putting the word on the door he told Eddie of the short conversation he had overheard between the pair of inquisitive brokers who had stopped to look at the sign and to wonder who the new broker was.

"I wish I knew who they were," replied the boy.

"I can tell you their names. One addressed the other as McGuire, while he called his friend Robinson."

"Thanks. I'll remember them. No doubt I'll hear from them before long. I think they both have offices on this floor."

"They came from that end of the corridor," answered the painter, indicating the direction.

As soon as Ruggles finished his work, Eddie paid him, and he went away.

"Well," remarked Eddie Nott, looking complacently about him, "I am now a full-fledged broker, at least in name. I hope soon to make my presence felt in the business. If I don't it won't be no fault of mine. I know the ropes pretty well, for I served as messenger and margin clerk for Dudley Smooth long enough to get the run of the Street. As soon as the brokers who know me, and there are a swell lot of them who do, hear that I have branched out on my own hook they'll be putting out feelers in my direction to find out how much capital I've got. If they find out they're good ones, for it isn't business to let other people, particularly Wall street men, know all about your affairs."

At that moment there came a knock on the door.

"Come in," said Eddie.

A pleasant-featured youth of seventeen walked in.

"Hello, Bob. Glad to see you. Take a seat and make yourself miserable."

"Thanks. I generally do," grinned Robert Hawkins, depositing himself in a convenient chair.

"Got a job yet, Bob?"

"Nary job."

"Any prospect of one?"

"Not the ghost of a prospect."

"The brokers don't seem to be aware that so valuable a person as yourself is at liberty."

"That's right," replied Bob, with another grin. "They don't know what they are missing."

"You ought to make a tour of the Street and leave your card," chuckled Eddie.

"Thanks. I'll think about it—that is, if I can find a printer I can stand up for the cards."

"Are you strapped already?"

"Already! Why, I've been out of work a whole week."

"Then you wouldn't mind accepting a job if it was handed to you on a silver plate."

"I'd accept it if it was handed to me on a coal shovel," said Bob, wagging his head in a decided way.

"I haven't a coal shovel, but I can offer you a job if you will accept it."

"I'll take it," replied Bob, promptly. "I came up here to see if you couldn't give me something to do. Any old

thing. I don't care what, as long as I can get the lucre to satisfy my landlady. She's the worst old screw you ever saw. She had the nerve to ask me for this week's board, and me not working. What do you think of that?"

"I think she was right," chuckled Eddie.

"You think she was right?"

"Sure, I do. What do you expect her to do? Live on wind?"

"I'm living on wind myself just now, so it wouldn't hurt her to try a little of the same diet. I think it would do her good."

"You're unreasonable. However, I can put you in the way of squaring yourself with her. I want an assistant here. A sort of combination messenger, officer boy, clerk, and bouncer."

"Bouncer!"

"Yes. Every broker ought to have one, but they don't."

"What for?"

"Well, when a fellow pulls off a successful corner, you know, somebody who has lost money in the deal is liable to call on you with a club, pistol, or something of that sort, and try to force you to ante up part of your profits. I once bounced a fellow of that sort out of Mr. Smooth's office. If I hadn't been on hand at the time Dudley would have given the undertaker a job."

"I didn't hear about it."

"Oh, there are lots of things happen you don't hear of. It was in the papers at the time."

"When was that?"

"A year ago."

"Did Smooth come up liberally to you?"

"Oh, yes. He gave me ten dollars."

"Ten dollars! Was that all?" replied Bob, in a tone of disgust.

"You wouldn't have had him go out of business, would you?"

"He ought to have given you a thousand dollars."

"Smooth isn't built that way."

"Then he puts a very small value on his life."

"Oh, no. He values his life as much as the next person; but he was afraid to squander too much money on his messenger boy. However, he raised me to the post of margin clerk."

"And why did you cut loose from him?"

"I didn't. He cut loose from me."

"Did he fire you?"

"He told me that he didn't want me any more."

"What for?"

"He said I was making more money than he was."

"How is that?" asked Bob, curiously.

"Well, you see, I've been taking flyers in the market off and on for the last two years, and I had managed to pile up quite a respectable wad in a small way. Well, somebody roped him into a combination or blind pool to boom a certain stock. He expected to make half a million or so. I heard about the pool on the outside, though I didn't know that my old boss, Mr. Smooth, had any connec-

tion with it. I went in to the limit, and was lucky enough to sell out before the crash came which soaked Mr. Smooth in the solar plexus to the tune of a cool hundred thou. I cleared \$10,000, and Smooth heard about it. He was as mad as a hornet over his own loss, and it was like rubbing it in for a beardless clerk of his to come out ahead of him on the same deal. So he read me the riot act, and I quit."

"And now you've started in business for yourself, and actually hired the office adjoining him. You've got a nerve."

"I've got a lot of them, if anybody should ask you, Bob."

"Lots of what?"

"Nerves, silly."

Bob grinned, pulled a cigarette from his vest pocket, and lit it.

"Is that your last cigarette?"

"No. Want one?"

"No, siree! But I want to inform you if you expect to work for me you must draw the line at cigarettes when you're in the office."

"Oh, all right. I'll drop this out of the window," replied Bob, cheerfully.

"It isn't necessary. You're not at work at present. But don't forget yourself after to-day. Your office hours will be nine until three or four. Your pay——"

"That's a word that sounds good."

"Your pay will be six until further notice. It's low but sure, as they put it in the New York Flipper."

"It will leave me a case to spare after I pay the boarding missus. However, walking will be good until the snow flies, and sixty cents will pay for my lunches."

"Don't worry, Bob. I'll treat you white. I expect to make money, and I shan't forget you when I do."

"I'm not worrying. I'd sooner work for you at six than another person for nothing. No, I mean I'd sooner——"

"Don't say it again, Bob. I don't like to see boys over-exert themselves with trifles," said Eddie, coolly.

"So I start in to-morrow, do I?"

"You do, and here's \$5 to settle with your landlady," replied Eddie, handing him a bill. "Just forget about it, so that I won't remember it when I pay you off on Saturday."

"Do you mean to say that you're making me a present of this?"

"That's just what I mean. Now, skiddoo, please; I'm going to lock up. Business begins to-morrow."

Bob put the money in his pocket and followed his new boss into the corridor.

He had served Dudley Smooth in that capacity for a year, and had then been promoted to margin clerk and general office factotem, for Mr. Smooth, though he did a good business in stocks and bonds, was always short-handed in his clerical force, and generally succeeded in making one clerk do the work of two.

Eddie had proved himself a valuable assistant, but Mr. Smooth never appreciated the boy's services at their full value.

Besides Eddie and a bookkeeper-cashier, Mr. Smooth kept a typewriter and stenographer.

Her name was Carrie Thornton, and she and Eddie were great friends.

She used to have to work an hour longer, and for less pay than any other girl in the Street, and Eddie often wondered why she remained with Mr. Smooth.

But then he didn't know that his boss had a mortgage on her services owing to some favor he had done for her mother.

Suddenly and without warning Mr. Smooth cut Eddie off his pay-roll, for the reason given in the previous chapter.

Then Eddie concluded that he had worked long enough for a salary, and determined to vary the monotony of it by becoming his own boss.

He had an idea that having assisted Mr. Smooth so long in getting rich that he ought to take a shy at the same thing himself.

He believed he was smart enough to make his own way.

At any rate, he was going to try to, for he was bright and ambitious, and had acquired a good practical knowledge of Wall street methods and how they do things on the Stock Exchange.

He lived with his widowed mother and a small sister in a cosy flat in the upper section of Manhattan Island, and had largely supported the little household during the last three years.

Having determined to start in for himself, he had the nerve to hire the two small vacant offices adjoining his late employer.

He didn't know what effect this would have on Mr. Dudley Smooth, but he did not much care, as he did not consider it was any of Mr. Smooth's business.

He started in, and furnished the offices, and was now ready for any business that might come his way.

Eddie had given Bob Hawkins a duplicate key to the office, and when he got down next morning at half-past nine he found Bob seated by the window in the outer room waiting for something to do.

The new broker went into his private office, and taking up the morning's copy of the Wall street Indicator, for which he had subscribed, and which Bob had placed upon his desk, began to study the quotations of the previous days' business on the New York Stock Exchange.

He might have been engaged half an hour in this manner when Bob rapped at his door, and on being told to

CHAPTER II.

EDDIE'S FIRST ORDER.

As a messenger boy Eddie Nott had become well known to many prominent brokers, as well as to many others not prominent.

come in, popped in his head, and said there were two gentlemen in the outer office who wanted to see him.

"Show them in here," replied Eddie, without inquiring their names.

Accordingly Bob ushered in the two brokers who had made remarks about the new broker in the painter's presence.

Of course, Eddie didn't know who they were until they introduced themselves.

"Are you Mr. Nott?" inquired Robinson, who was in the lead.

"Yes, sir. Please take a seat, gentlemen. May I ask who I have the honor of addressing?"

"My name is Nick Robinson, and this is a friend of mine. Mr. Nott, Mr. Jack McGuire."

"Pleased to know you, Mr. McGuire," said Eddie, who was rather taken by the man's good-looking and good-humored countenance. "Glad to make your acquaintance also, Mr. Robinson. Brokers, I believe?"

"Oh, yes," replied Robinson, glibly. "McGuire and I have offices on this floor. Saw we had a new neighbor, and thought we'd drop in and make ourselves friendly, don't you know."

"That's right," smiled Eddie.

"Faith, we couldn't do less," chipped in McGuire.

"Sorry I can't offer you cigars, gentlemen, but the fact is, I don't smoke."

"Don't mention it. I was just about to offer you a weed. I've got some prime Havanas in my pocket."

"Then you are welcome to smoke just the same. Don't stand on ceremony. I like to see my visitors enjoy themselves even if I can't join in."

"Thank you, we will," said Robinson, pulling out a couple of cigars and offering one to his friend.

Eddie produced a silver match-case and tendered it to them.

"You carry matches though you don't indulge in a weed," remarked Robinson.

"Sure. They're handy to have around sometimes—when I want to touch off the electric bulb, for instance."

Both of the brokers laughed at this sally.

"Might I ask where you are from?" asked Robinson, blowing a cloud of smoke.

"Certainly—I hail from good old New York," replied Eddie.

"The deuce you do," replied Robinson. "I had an idea you were from Chicago, or Boston, or perhaps Philadelphia."

"No, sir. I have lived on this island ever since I was a little boy."

"Then I suppose you have been employed in the Street for some time," went on Robinson. "Strange I do not remember your face."

"You would had you been in this building very long."

"How is that?"

"I've been in the Barnum Building for four years," said Eddie.

"The dickens you have. McGuire and myself only moved in here a week ago. McGuire's office is right across the corridor from mine, around the turn."

"I was sure you were both new tenants or I should have recognized you myself. I was employed by Dudley Smooth, who occupies the adjoining suite, until a few days ago, when I started in for myself."

"Oh, I see," replied Robinson, with a shade of disappointment on his face.

He began to suspect there was nothing in Eddie Nott.

That the boy had little capital, and was probably working solely on his nerve.

McGuire had suspected that from the moment he saw how young the new broker was, and he let his friend do all the talking, though he rather liked the bright, manly young fellow who seemed to be bent on forging to the front if he could in the treacherous whirlpools of Wall street affairs.

"I guess we'll have to be going," said Robinson, rising and looking at his friend as much as to say there was nothing doing in this locality.

"Don't be in a hurry, gentlemen," said Eddie, genially.

"Oh, we only dropped in for a moment. I've got to get over to the Exchange. As for McGuire, I believe he has an important engagement."

"Well, come in again when you have the time," said Eddie. "Pleased to see you any time."

"Thanks, Nott," said McGuire, holding out his hand. "Drop in and see me."

"I will some time," answered Eddie.

Robinson, however, did not tender a similar invitation. He was rather disgusted with the situation, and was in a hurry to get away.

Eddie laughed after they had departed.

"Robinson was disappointed," he grinned. "He came in here for some purpose, that's evident. No doubt he was going to angle for some of my fleece, but has come to the conclusion I'm not worth the game. I don't care much for him. Some day, however, I may surprise him. McGuire, now, is a different kind of a man. I like him. He is a gentleman. If I can put anything in his way I'll do it."

Bob knocked on the door again, and entered without waiting to be told to do so.

He had a letter in his hand.

"The postman just left this," he said, handing it to his boss.

The young broker tore it open and read as follows:

"Cornwall, N. Y., May 6, 190—

"Mr. Eddie Nott, Stock Broker:

"Dear Sir.—I enclose my check for \$1,000. Please invest it for me in P. W. & C. on a ten-per-cent margin, and oblige,

"Yours truly, Gregory Grant."

"This is evidently one of the results of my advertise-

ments in the Indicator and Chronicle. P. W. & C. is selling around 60. I'll go around and see if McGuire is in. Perhaps he'll divide commission with me."

He reached for his hat.

"I hope this will turn out lucky for Mr. Grant, as this is my first order."

CHAPTER III.

EDDIE GOES INTO KENTUCKY CENTRAL.

Eddie found that McGuire was in.

The important engagement Robinson had referred to was a mere fiction on that broker's part.

The boy broker told McGuire the object of his call.

"Sure, it will give me the greatest pleasure in the world to allow you a part of my commission on this or any other deal you may favor me with, Nott," said McGuire, heartily. "You're just starting out, and I'll be glad to help you all I can."

"Thank you, Mr. McGuire. I shan't forget it."

"Don't mention it. Just endorse that check, and I'll buy 165 shares of P. W. & C., and hold it subject to your order. You can then notify your customer of the transaction in the usual way. When you get your instructions to close out the deal we will divide up the commission."

Eddie thanked him, and then the broker handed him a memorandum of the transaction.

The young broker returned to his office, entered his first order up in his book in regular shape, made out a statement, and mailed it to his customer.

"Well, that's a beginning, at any rate. I hardly expected to do anything at all for a week, and maybe not then. I'm beginning to feel encouraged."

Just then Bob made his appearance, and said a gentleman wanted to see him.

"What's his name?"

"I forgot to ask him."

"Never mind. Show him in."

In another moment Mr. Smooth, the next-door broker, appeared in the doorway.

"So, so," began Eddie's former employer. "You've set yourself up as a broker, have you? A pretty broker you are," he added, sarcastically. "And a great nerve you have to locate yourself alongside of me."

"Well, Mr. Smooth, I guess there's business enough in Wall street for another broker, and as these offices were vacant, why, I took them. I hope the fact that I'm your nearest neighbor does not annoy you."

"It does annoy me. You had no right to rent them. You should have gone to some other building."

"Well, sir, as I've taken a lease for a year I don't see how the matter can be remedied now."

"Do you expect to do any business?"

"Yes, sir. Why not?"

"What capital have you got?"

"Oh, I've a few dollars I managed to make in the last year or two."

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Smooth. "A few dollars! You're a young fool."

"Thank you for the compliment. Is there anything I can do for you to-day? I presume you did not take the trouble to come in here merely to abuse me."

The old broker glared at him rather savagely for a moment, then turned around and left the office.

Eddie grinned as he heard Mr. Smooth slam the outer door after him.

"It galls him to see my name on the door next to his own office. It will gall him a good deal more when he sees me doing business."

Lunch time came around, and Eddie went out to get a bite at his customary quick-lunch house on Broad street.

Then he went around to the gallery of the Stock Exchange to see how things were stirring on the floor.

Matters were rather quiet, so he didn't stay long.

On his way back to his office he stopped in at the safe deposit vaults where he kept his money to get a paper he wanted.

While waiting for a chance to get to his box he overheard a couple of well-dressed gentlemen talking about a certain stock.

They did not seem to notice his presence, probably on account of his youthful appearance, and went on talking just as if he wasn't there.

Eddie couldn't very well help hearing all they said, though he did not appear to be listening to them.

He soon learned that the name of this stock was Kentucky Central, and that a combination of capitalists had been formed to buy as much of it in at the low price then prevailing as they could, and then manipulate the market so that the stock would soar thirty or more points, when they expected to dispose of their holdings at a big profit.

One of the gentlemen mentioned the names of several operators who were interested in the scheme whom Eddie recognized as millionaires, and wound up by advising his friend to take advantage of this chance to make a good haul, assuring him that he couldn't lose if he didn't hold on too long after the stock got well up in the market.

The conversation came to an end when one of the gentlemen was admitted to the vaults, and while awaiting his turn Eddie did a good bit of rapid thinking.

"This is a tip I can't afford to let get by me," he mused. "When I see a chance to get in on the ground floor of a deal I'm there with both feet. I'll just yank my little \$15,000 out of the box and soak it into Kentucky Central right away, before the syndicate gobbles up all the stock in sight."

So as soon as he got access to his box he took out his entire capital, which was in big bills, and hastened back to his office.

The first thing he did was to look up Kentucky Central, and he found it was ruling at 49, and referring to past

transactions of the stock noticed it had not been higher than 53 in a month.

"I can buy 3,000 shares on a ten-per-cent. margin. I ought to make a good thing out of this. It is a chance not to be sneezed at. Some men could easily make a million or more on the pointer I was so fortunate as to get. Mr. Smooth, I'll bet, would jump out of his shoes to get in on such a thing as this. I've a great mind to give him part of my order just to make him feel bad when the stock goes booming. He doesn't deserve the commission from the way he has treated me, but it will be worth that to see the look he'll have on that shaven phiz of his when I start in to realize at a high profit."

The idea tickled Eddie so much that he determined to carry it out, so he put on his hat and went into the office next door.

"Is Mr. Smooth in?" he inquired of Tommy Ropes, the office and messenger boy, with whom he was, as a matter of course, well acquainted.

"Sure thing," grinned Tommy. "Do you want to see him?"

"That's what I'm here for, Tommy. Just take my name in, will you?"

"Cert. I see you're a broker yourself now."

"That's right."

"Got a seat on the Exchange?" chuckled Tommy.

"Hardly. I don't think there's one for sale at present. I may buy Mr. Smooth's when he gets ready to retire."

"Maybe that's what you've come to see him about now," snickered Tommy.

"Don't get funny, sonny. Just glide along and let your boss know I'm here."

So Tommy knocked on Mr. Smooth's door, and was told to come in.

The broker was dictating a letter to Carrie Thornton.

"What's that!" he roared, when his office boy delivered his message.

"Eddie Nott is outside, and wants to see you," repeated Tommy.

"I won't see him. Tell him to get out and stay out," howled Mr. Smooth, loud enough to be heard all over the place.

Of course Eddie heard him, and chuckled at the old man's anger.

"Tell him I want to buy a thousand shares of a certain stock, and that I've got the money in my clothes to pay for it," said he to the office boy when the lad came back to inform him what Mr. Smooth had said.

Tommy hardly relished the idea of going back to the private office, but finally consented to do so.

"Wants to buy stock, does he?" bawled Smooth, pricking up his ears when he heard there was business in the wind.

As the old man never under any circumstances neglected a chance to scoop an honest dollar, he told Tommy to send Eddie in.

Carrie smiled sweetly at the young broker when he entered, and Eddie said:

"Good-afternoon, Carrie."

Then Mr. Smooth interfered.

"Did I understand that you wanted to buy some stock of me?" he growled like a surly beast who has been awakened from a sound slumber.

"Yes, sir. As you're my old employer, I thought I might just as well put something in your way as to go to a perfectly strange broker."

Mr. Smooth expressed no gratitude for Eddie's apparent generosity, but merely grunted out:

"What stock do you want?"

"I want you to buy me 1,000 shares of Kentucky Central at 49 on a ten-per-cent margin."

"It'll cost you \$4,900. Where's your money?"

He counted out ten \$500 bills, and laid them before the old man.

Mr. Smooth fingered them suspiciously, and then looked at the other bunch of bills Eddie held in his hand.

"You seem to have plenty of money, young man," he said, with a hungry expression, as if he hated to see so much money going to waste. "I've 1,500 shares of Kentucky Central on hand. Better take the lot," he added, insinuatingly.

"I'll do it," replied Eddie, so promptly that it almost took the old broker's breath away, and he suddenly became quite polite to his former margin clerk.

The sight of money had a potent influence over Mr. Smooth.

He would have been willing to shake hands with his deadliest enemy if he saw the chance of making a dollar by it.

He hastily drew up a memorandum of the transaction, and handed it to Eddie.

Then he counted the bills his young visitor tendered him, and went out into the outer office to hand them over to his bookkeeper, and get \$150 change.

He chuckled to himself over the deal he had made with the boy.

He didn't consider the chances of Kentucky Central going up worth a hill of beans.

In fact, from what he had heard that day he believed it would go the other way, in which pleasing event he would have the satisfaction of wiping out Eddie's margin.

If he had really thought the boy a fool, as he had so expressed himself in the young broker's office a short time before, he was now certain of it.

So, while waiting for his bookkeeper to count the money and hand him the change, he rubbed his withered hands together, and chuckled to himself.

CHAPTER IV.

EDDIE MAKES A HAUL.

While Eddie was waiting for Mr. Smooth to return with his change he turned around and spoke to Carrie Thornton.

"Well, Carrie, you can't lose me, although Mr. Smooth did give me the G. B. I'm anchored within hailing distance of you, and I hope you'll drop in and see my office."

"Thank you, I will, Mr. Nott," she replied, with a smile.

"Oh, come now, call me Eddie, as you always did. I ain't a bit proud, although I have gone into business for myself."

Carrie laughed.

"I'm glad to see you getting ahead, Mr.—I mean Eddie—and I hope you will be very successful as a broker."

"Thank you, Carrie. It won't be my fault if I don't."

"I'm sure it won't," she returned sweetly. "You're the smartest boy I ever met."

"No bouquets, Carrie, if you please. If there are any compliments to chuck around I want to do that myself. That is a gentleman's privilege. Which reminds me that I never saw you look so well, nor so pretty as——"

"Eddie Nott, will you stop talking such nonsense," she interrupted with a smile and a blush. "I've a great mind to——"

The entrance of Mr. Smooth at this interesting stage cut her short.

The old broker regarded them with some suspicion as he handed Eddie his change.

"When you want to buy some more stock, young man, I shall be pleased to have you drop in," he said, trying to look pleasant.

"I'll keep your invitation in mind, Mr. Smooth. I hope you'll get used to having me so close to you. I'll endeavor not to gobble up all the business that floats into this corridor."

The old broker smiled a crafty smile, and snapped his knuckle joints.

In his heart he believed the new broker's career would be exceedingly brief.

Eddie, having finished his business, nodded to Carrie, and took his leave.

Tommy Ropes waylaid him on the way out.

"Been doing some business with the old man, have you?" he grinned.

"A little."

"I saw him hand the bookkeeper a bunch of yellowbacks, and get \$150 change. You must have a swell lot of dough."

"Not so much, Tommy. It will come my way after a time, I hope."

"Not if you deal with D. S., snickered the boy.

"Why not? He's good for half a million easy enough."

"He'll do you up some way."

"You think so, eh? Well, he's welcome to try it on, Tommy. I'm dead on to Mr. Smooth and all his little games. I didn't work four years for him with my eyes shut. He's pretty slick, but I think I can match him all right."

"If you can you're a good one," replied Tommy, incredulously.

At that moment the old man rang for his office boy, and Eddie returned to his own office and put his memorandum in the safe.

Then he went out to a big brokerage firm half a block above, and bought 1,500 more shares of Kentucky Central at 49.

Having invested all his working capital Eddie lay back on his oars and waited for results.

In a day or two Kentucky Central advanced to 52.

The P. W. & C. shares Eddie had purchased for Gregory Grant also went up to 62.

The boy broker was pleased to note that fact, as he was interested in the fate of his first order.

"I see that stock I am holding for you has gone up a couple of points," said Jack McGuire, that day, when he met Eddie on the street.

"Yes. I'm mighty glad of it, for I'd like to see my customer come out ahead."

"That's right, faith. When a client wins he generally sticks to you."

"I wish a few more lambs would float my way," grinned Eddie. "That solitary name in my books looks kind of lonesome."

"I don't doubt it, my boy. But don't get discouraged, they'll begin to come your way after awhile. You're no worse off than a young lawyer or doctor just starting out. Briefs and patients are as scarce as hen's teeth at first. Faith, I knew a green sawbones that sat in his office a whole year before his services were called into requisition, then by good luck an old chap was so obliging as to break his leg in front of his door, and the bystanders as a matter of course picked him up and carried him into his office. He set the man's leg so neatly that he got a reputation, and was never without a patient after that."

"That's a pretty good story, Mr. McGuire," laughed Eddie.

"It'll do at a pinch by way of illustration, do you mind," replied the genial broker as he passed on his way.

Next day Kentucky Central began to attract some notice on the floor, owing to certain rumors which had been set afloat concerning the road.

There was some lively bidding for it by the brokers who represented the pool, and as the stock was pretty scarce by this time it began to rise an eighth at a time, until when the Exchange closed for the day it was quoted at 56.

Mr. Smooth naturally observed the unwonted buoyancy of the stock, and it didn't please him for a cent.

He was afraid Eddie would close out the deal before it slid back to its old figures, for so far on the 1,500 shares the boy had bought from him the young broker was over \$10,000 ahead.

If he had known that the boy had purchased another 1,500 shares elsewhere he would have had a fit.

On the following morning Kentucky Central opened at 56 5-8, and Eddie at ten o'clock was in the gallery of the

Exchange on the lookout for further developments in that stock.

The road jumped to 57 at the first bid, with no sales.

Excited brokers gathered around the standard and tried to get the stock.

Those who had it held on to it, and consequently the price kept soaring upward while the uproar increased, and soon the floor became a scene of pandemonium.

Other stocks began to feel the bull tendency of the market, and a steady upward movement set in all along the line, and soon Eddie saw that P. W. & C. had gone up to 66.

"My customer is nearly \$1,000 to the good. If it goes up one point further, and it's safe to do that and more, he will have doubled his money over all expenses."

At that moment someone tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around and saw Bob at his elbow.

"Here's a letter that just came for you," he said.

"All right," replied Eddie, taking it.

He had told Bob where he could be found if anybody called at the office, and wanted to see him on business, so as Bob saw the Cornwall postmark on the letter he judged that it was of sufficient importance to be brought to Eddie at once.

The young broker read the communication, which was from Mr. Grant, authorizing him to close out his P. W. & C. as his judgment dictated, and keep the money on deposit subject to further orders.

Bob went back to the office, and Eddie decided not to order the stock sold as long as the present advance seemed on.

When the boy broker turned to the quotation board again he saw that Kentucky Central had gone up to 63.

He stayed in the gallery until he got hungry, when he went out to lunch.

Kentucky Central was then 71, and P. W. & C. had reached 68 1-2.

A short time before the Exchange shut down Eddie decided to close out the 1,500 shares Mr. Smooth held for him.

The stock was then going at 74, consequently he would make a profit of \$25 per share, less commissions and interest charges.

When he walked into Mr. Smooth's private office and notified that gentleman to close the deal at the market figure, the old man was intensely disgusted at the situation.

He knew that Eddie would clear over \$35,000, and that fact made him feel exceedingly sore.

It was like drawing teeth when his bookkeeper handed him the boy's statement of account next morning, and he had to draw his check to Eddie's order for something over \$44,000, which, of course, included the \$7,350 margin the boy had put up in order to hold the stock.

That morning Eddie also closed out the P. W. & C. with McGuire at 70 5-8, giving Mr. Grant a clear profit of \$1,650.

He thereupon forwarded a statement to his initial customer which showed that he held \$2,650 subject to his order.

That noon, when Kentucky Central touched 80, Eddie ordered his other 1,500 shares sold.

This good fortune would have turned most boys' heads, but Eddie took his winnings as coolly as if such a thing was an every-day occurrence with him.

Inside of a week almost his capital, by this bold venture, had grown from \$15,000 to \$98,000.

The first thing he did was to present Bob Hawkins with a brand new suit of clothes, and other things that he really needed, and to advance his wages to \$8.

Somehow or another it got around the building that the new broker had cleaned up a small fortune in the recent rise of Kentucky Central, and the result was that Broker Nick Robinson began to feel a new interest in the lad.

CHAPTER V.

BROKER ROBINSON ASKS EDDIE TO GO IT BLIND WITH HIM.

A few mornings after Eddie's coupe in Kentucky Central there came a timid kind of knock on the outside door.

Bob went to the door and opened it.

A very pretty and stylishly-dressed young lady of perhaps twenty-two stood outside.

"Is Mr. Nott in?" she inquired.

"Yes, miss. Please walk in and I will tell him you want to see him. What name shall I say?"

"Miss Grant."

Bob knocked on the private door.

"Come in," said the boy broker.

"A lady wishes to see you. Her name is Miss Grant."

"Show her in," replied Eddie, wondering if she had any connection with Mr. Grant of Cornwall.

The young lady walked into the new broker's sanctum.

"Mr. Nott," she asked doubtfully, as she took the chair Eddie pointed at.

"Yes, that is my name. What can I do for you?"

She seemed a bit embarrassed how to explain the object of her call.

To say the truth, it was the youthfulness of the broker which rattled her.

She had not expected to find that Broker Nott was a boy.

"My father sent you a check for \$1,000 a short time ago, with instructions to invest it on a margin in P. W. & C. stock," she said, in a hesitating tone.

"Yes. Are you Mr. Gregory Grant's daughter?"

"I am. The investment he intended for my benefit if the market went the right way."

"Then, Miss Grant," said Eddie, with one of his winning smiles, "I must congratulate you, for of course you know by this time that the market did go the right way. Act-

ing on your father's instructions, which I received in a second letter, I held on to the stock till it reached 70 5-8, and then sold it out. Your profit was \$1,650, which, together with your margin of \$1,000, makes me indebted to you to the extent of \$2,650. Shall I hand you the money?"

"No, no," she replied hastily. "I wish you to keep it and reinvest it for me on your own judgment."

"I hardly like to take an order in that way, Miss Grant. I would certainly do the very best I could for you, but I could not guarantee that my judgment would prevent you from losing your money. If I made an unfortunate deal it would be rather embarrassing for me to have to write to you to that effect."

"I am sure I can trust you fully, Mr. Nott. You look very young, it is true," she added, with a little smile, "but you must be very smart, for I saw a paragraph in the Chronicle which stated that you had cleared something like \$100,000 in Kentucky Central a few days ago, and you could not do that unless you were uncommonly shrewd."

"I am much obliged to you, Miss Grant, for your excellent opinion," replied Eddie, laughingly. "After such an expression of confidence I suppose I ought not to refuse to execute any commission you may see fit to give me. If you wish, then, I will try to put your money where it will do the most good, just as if it was my own."

"Thank you. I shall consider it a great favor if you will. I am so utterly ignorant about the stock market that I should be afraid to pick out a stock myself. Perhaps under such circumstances I ought not to speculate," she added with a smile; "but I rather like the idea of having something at stake, with the prospect ahead of perhaps doubling my money."

"Or losing it all," smiled Eddie.

"Well," she said, shrugging her pretty shoulders, "I suppose one must take that chance if one will speculate."

"It is a common expression, Miss Grant, that nothing ventured nothing is gained. Your first essay, through your father, has turned out quite fortunate. You are \$1,650 ahead at this moment. If you carry that off with you you are sure of it. If, on the contrary, you leave it with me to reinvest in the market, you are once more embarked in a game of chance, with the odds, I will frankly admit, all against you."

"I think I will run the risk," she replied, after a momentary hesitation.

"Very well, Miss Grant. Please take this chair and write an order authorizing me to use your money in the market as my judgment suggests."

She changed seats with him, removed one of her gloves, and writing the necessary order, signed it.

"Thank you, Miss Grant. I will advise you by mail, care of your father, as soon as I have made an investment for you."

"That will be quite satisfactory," she said. "I am very glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Nott, and feel

sure that my interests will be perfectly safe in your hands."

"It is an equal pleasure on my part to have met so charming a customer," said Eddie, gallantly. "And I will certainly take more interest in the fate of your money now that I know you personally."

The young broker escorted her to the outer door, and bade her good-by.

"She's a peach, isn't she?" grinned Bob.

"She is a very pretty and interesting young lady," admitted Eddie, "and I am glad that she is a customer of mine."

At this point the door opened and Broker Robinson entered.

"Hello, Nott," he said, striking Eddie familiarly on the back, "who was that handsome young lady who just left your office?"

"A customer of mine," replied the boy, coolly.

"She's a stunner. Sorry I didn't come in sooner; then you could have introduced me."

Eddie didn't say anything.

He thought Mr. Robinson had a good deal of cheek to suggest such a thing.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Robinson?" he asked in a business-like way.

"I just dropped in to see if I could induce you to pool issues with me in a little venture I have in view."

"Thinking of cornering some stock," grinned Eddie.

"Hardly that. I leave such things to men who have a large bank account behind them. No, it's something else. You see, I've got hold of a tip on a certain stock."

"What stock is it?"

"Excuse me, Nott. That is hardly a fair question. You haven't said yet whether you will join me or not."

"How can you expect me to agree to join you unless you tell me what you have in the wind?"

"But then you'd know as much as I do. You might refuse to go in, and then make use of the pointer on your own hook."

"Well, Mr. Robinson, if you can't trust me I don't see why I should run the chance of putting my neck in a noose simply to accommodate you."

"But you won't put your head into any noose, my dear fellow. I've got a sure thing, and being a little strapped for money, and knowing you have a good wad——"

"How do you know I've got a good wad?"

"Why, didn't you just clear a cool hundred thousand on Kentucky Central?"

"Who says I did?"

"I've heard several brokers say so. Besides, there's a paragraph in the Chronicle which states——"

"Oh, you mustn't believe everything you see in print."

"But you did make a big winning in Kentucky Central, didn't you?" persisted Robinson.

"Come now, Mr. Robinson, is that a fair question to ask me?"

"Why, what's the matter with the question when everybody knows——"

"What everybody seems to know amounts to nothing. My business is my own, and I assure you that I haven't told a soul that I made a dollar on Kentucky Central or any other stock."

Broker Robinson seemed to be taken aback.

"But it is is the general impression——"

"I am not responsible for what people may say. Brokers say a good many things other than their prayers. So let's drop that part of the subject. You came in here to tell me that you have a sure tip on the future of a certain stock."

"That's right. It's a dead open and shut game for a man with the money to back it."

"Then why don't you back it without——"

"Didn't I just say I was in a tight hole for ready money. I'm tied up on one or two other deals."

"Then I'm to understand that your proposition is I'm to furnish the money, or a good part of it, in exchange for the advantage of getting in on your pointer. Is that it?"

"That's about it. You can't lose, I assure you."

"But I've only your word for that. Unless you give me the name of the stock so that I can see where I stand I'll be investing in a sort of blind pot."

"I'll tell you everything as soon as you agree to go in with me and give me the assurance that you will come up with say \$50,000."

"I can't agree to any such proposition as that, Mr. Robinson. When I go into a deal I want to handle my own money," said Eddie, in a decided tone.

"But you ought to have sufficient confidence in a brother broker, especially when he is older and more experienced than you are."

Eddie laughed.

"I have confidence only in myself when I am doing business in Wall street, then if I go up against hard luck I have nobody to blame but my little bunch of gray matter. Experience is all right in its way, but it does not always count in the stock market. I have heard of old graybeards down here, who have been thirty or forty years in the Street, and might be reasonably expected to know it all, get wiped out in a single hour on the Exchange."

"Then I can't get you to go into this deal with me?" said Robinson, in a disappointed tone.

"No, you cannot. If you've got a good thing you ought to make a special effort to raise the money somehow to put it through and make the lion's share yourself. That's what I should do."

"You'll probably regret your refusal to join me," said Robinson, sulkily.

"In what way?" asked Eddie, sharply, for he fancied Robinson's words veiled a threat of some kind.

"Oh, when you discover that you've let a good thing get away from you."

"How will I discover that? I don't know what your scheme is."

"I'll take care to let you know as soon as it's too late for you to get any good out of it."

"Thanks, Mr. Robinson. I'm not at all interested in the matter."

"A week or ten days from now you'll feel like kicking yourself for turning my proposition down."

"I think not."

"Look here, Nott, you make me tired. The trouble with you is that like all boys, you imagine you know the whole game from A to Z. You've probably made a lucky haul out of Kentucky Central, and your success has given you the big head. I like to see chaps like you taken down off your perch."

"Thanks, Mr. Robinson, for your kind wishes, but I wasn't aware that my head was any bigger than usual. At any rate, my hat fits the same as usual."

"Bah!" snorted Broker Robinson, dashing out of the office.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT BROKER ROBINSON'S LITTLE GAME REALLY WAS.

"I'd give something to know what Mr. Robinson's little game is," said Eddie, to himself when he returned to his private office. "Did he really tell the truth when he said he had a tip on a certain stock, and was strapped for money to work it; or was he putting up some job on me in order to annex part of my winnings from Kentucky Central? The moment a fellow scores a point on the market it seems everybody knows it, or think they know it. I'll bet Dudley Smooth gave the news out about my success in Kentucky Central, and that's how it got into print. He wants to set the sharks after me. Very likely I'll hear from him, too, before long, as soon as he hatches up some scheme to try and get at my boodle. It hurt him way down to his boots, as I knew it would, to have to draw that big check for me. He was so sure at the start that my margin would remain right in his office that his disappointment was simply heartbreaking to him."

Eddie got his second customer that afternoon.

A respectable looking old gentleman walked into his office about one o'clock and asked for Mr. Nott.

"He's out at lunch," said Bob, wondering who the visitor was.

"Will he be back soon?"

"I couldn't say, sir. He may be back in a few minutes, or he may stop in at the Exchange."

"I haven't time to wait for him," replied the visitor. "I'll leave a note which you can hand Mr. Nott when he comes in."

"Very well, sir," answered Bob.

"May I use your desk a moment," asked the old gentleman.

"Sure you can. Sit right down."

The visitor wrote an order directing Eddie to purchase 10,000 shares of Nashville & Memphis at 95, and have the same delivered C. O. D. at his office before noon next day, if possible.

"I need scarcely say," he added, "that this order is given in the strictest confidence. Make the purchases as quietly as possible, and get the stock in small lots from different brokers if you can. If you are able to pick the stock up outside of the Exchange I should prefer that you do so. I will send my check for your commission as soon as I receive your statement after the stock has been delivered to me. Very truly yours.—Gale Whitney."

The old gentleman enclosed the order in an envelope, which he sealed and addressed to "Mr. Eddie Nott, Stock Broker."

"Hand this to Mr. Nott when he comes in," he said to Bob, and immediately took his leave.

He hadn't been gone more than five minutes before Eddie came in.

"There's a note on your desk," said Bob.

"Who from?"

"Give it up. He was an old gentleman, and wrote it at my desk. He asked to see you when he came in, and when I said you were out, and couldn't tell just when you'd come back, he said he couldn't wait, and wrote the note."

"What did he say his name was?"

"He didn't say, and I forgot to ask him. At any rate, I guess you'll find it inside the note."

"Then you never saw the man before?"

"Never."

"And he didn't state what his business was?"

"Not to me."

Eddie went into his private room and saw the note lying on his desk.

He took it up, tore the envelope open, and read the communication.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, in great astonishment. "An order to buy 10,000 shares of Nashville & Memphis. Who is this chap?"

He looked at the signature.

"Gale Whitney!" he ejaculated, in amazement. "One of the biggest operators in the Street! What brought him to me, I wonder? The commission for buying that stock will be over \$1,200. That's a mighty big order for a young fellow like me to get from a man of his standing, especially when he doesn't know me from Adam. I don't understand it. I'd think there was some mistake about it, only it is plainly written to me, and to nobody else. Somebody must have sent him up here. I wonder who my good friend is?"

Eddie finished the note.

"I'll go out and try to get some of that stock right away. I haven't anything better to do."

He put on his hat and started to make a tour of the brokers' offices on the Street.

He succeeded in purchasing 6,000 shares in small lots

here and there, and he got hold of another thousand from the Broad street curb brokers.

Then he went into the Empire Building, but couldn't find a share.

"I ought to be able to get the other 3,000 in the morning," he said to himself as he headed back for his office.

When he reached the fourth floor of the Barnum Building he decided to run in and see if Mr. McGuire had any.

He found that this young broker had gone home.

"I'll try Robinson, just for fun, but I don't believe he has any."

"Mr. Robinson is engaged," said the small office boy who sat in the reception-room. "He will probably be able to see you in a few minutes."

"I'll wait a short time," replied Eddie, stepping over to the open window which looked out on a well.

As he stood there inhaling the air he plainly heard Mr. Robinson talking in his private room.

"I tried my best to get that young monkey to go in with me, but——"

"He wouldn't bite, eh?" interrupted his visitor, with a short laugh.

"No, he wouldn't," growled Robinson, in a tone of disgust. "Said that he didn't fancy a blind pot, wanted to handle his own money, and all that. He makes me sick. The Exchange ought to start a kindergarden for embryo brokers like him."

"What's the use of talking that way, Robinson? Why don't you admit that the boy was too smart for you?"

"Oh, rats! Why, he doesn't know enough about the business to go in when it rains."

"He seemed to know enough to keep out of your clutches, at any rate," chuckled the other. "What stock was it that you were going to load him up with?"

"Oh, I've got a lot of N. & G. in my safe. I want to get rid of it in the worst way. I intended to make wash sales with you to cover the whole batch if I could have got my hands on \$50,000 of his good coin. We could have managed somehow to have forced the price up on the market for a day or so, which would have carried out my idea of the fake tip I had—see?"

"I see."

"Then when the stock dropped, as it was bound to do, for nobody wants it, I could have squared myself by telling him that somehow or another a cog had slipped in our calculations, and that the deal unfortunately was a failure. That would have left me just \$50,000 ahead, and would have furnished a lesson for the young chump to ponder over."

"A very clever scheme, Robinson, and it's a pity it didn't work, for you need the fellow's dough to enable you to buy T. I. & P., which is bound to go up before the week is out. As it is, how much can you raise?"

"Oh, perhaps \$25,000 or \$30,000."

"I've got \$60,000, you know, and I can easily raise another \$15,000. You must get \$50,000 more somehow if you're going in with me. The stock is selling now at 90,

and will surely go above 110 as soon as the boom sets in, which it is liable to do in a couple of days. That would give us money enough to buy 17,000 shares on margin, out of which we ought to clear over \$150,000 apiece in a week."

"That would be a fine haul," said Robinson.

"I should remark. If you can't raise the money by to-morrow, why, we'll have to go in independently. I'll buy the stock to the limit of my capital, and you can do the same. With \$30,000 you'll be able to get 3,000 shares, anyway, on which you ought to make \$60,000."

"You are certain that your information is reliable?"

"Positively. I got it straight from my brother-in-law, who is one of the directors of the road. The company has bought out the P. A. & N., which has been a thorn in its side for six years. As soon as the news gets out, which it will by Monday, you'll see something doing on the Exchange. There is a lot of the stock floating around the Street, and the people on the inside have already begun to buy it in as fast as they can. So you see, we have no time to lose. I shall begin buying at noon to-morrow for myself, if not for our joint account."

"All right, Benson," said Broker Robinson. "I'll see what I can do toward getting enough money to match you by to-morrow noon, and will let you know by eleven o'clock. I'm afraid, however, that I won't be able to make the rifle."

"Then don't fail to go in on your own hook."

"I'll do that, you may gamble on it. I'm not letting such a chance as this get away from me."

That ended their conversation, every word of which Eddie had heard.

He was now fully alive to the intended treachery of Mr. Robinson toward himself, and it didn't improve his feelings toward that gentleman.

CHAPTER VII.

EDDIE GOES INTO T. I. & P. STOCK.

As Mr. Robinson's visitor seemed to be on the point of leaving, Eddie moved away from the window, and took up his stand near the ticker.

A moment later Broker Robinson came out with his caller.

"Why, hello, Nott," he exclaimed in some surprise, "how long have you been here?"

"Only a few minutes," replied Eddie, in an off-hand way.

"I'll talk to you in a moment," he said, and then he accompanied his visitor to the outer door, said a few words to him in a low tone, and then bade him good-by.

"Now, what can I do for you, Nott?" he inquired, returning and standing before the boy.

"I came in to see if you had any shares of Nashville & Memphis."

"Not a solitary share. Got an order for some?"

"Yes."

"I can get some for you. How much do you want?"

"Never mind," replied Eddie. "I can get it on the outside. I thought if you had some I'd take them off your hands."

"What are you paying for the stock?" asked Robinson, curiously.

"The market price—95."

"Sorry I can't accommodate you. Is that all?"

"That's all. Good-day," and Eddie returned to his own office.

"So I've discovered what Robinson's little game was," mused Eddie, when he was alone in his private office. I'm glad I've found out that gentleman's true character; it will put me more than ever on my guard against him. Some day maybe he'll wish he had not entertained crooked schemes against me."

Eddie found three letters on his desk when he came down next morning.

Each contained a comparatively small order, accompanied by money orders, from out-of-town people who had no doubt seen his advertisement in either the Chronicle or Indicator.

He turned these over to McGuire to execute for him according to their private arrangement.

Then he went out to hunt up the 3,000 shares of Nashville & Memphis he was still shy of.

It was nearly noon before he succeeded in getting all of the stock.

It was all delivered, however, and paid for before the clock struck twelve, much to Mr. Whitney's satisfaction.

Having attended satisfactorily to his important commission, Eddie now was able to attend to a little matter of his own.

He had decided to avail himself of the pointer on T. I. & P. stock which he had accidentally got hold of in Broker Robinson's office the afternoon before.

The first thing he did was to go to his safe-deposit box and get his money.

Then he dropped in at the brokers' offices who had attended to half of his Kentucky Central deal, and left an order for them to buy 5,000 shares of T. I. & P. at 90.

This was a big deal for the boy, involving \$450,000.

It cost him \$45,000 in margin, and made him responsible for the interest on the balance of the money advanced by the firm for as many days as they held the stock subject to his order.

Before three o'clock he concluded to risk the purchase of another 1,000 shares and he stepped into Mr. Smooth's office for that purpose.

The broker was in and greeted him with a surly expression.

"How do you do this afternoon," said Eddie, cheerfully.

"I hope you are enjoying your customary good health."

"I am. What do you want now?"

"You have no objections, I suppose, to buying 1,000 shares of T. I. & P. for me, have you?"

"Is this for yourself or a customer?"

"Will that make any difference in your charges?"

"Not a bit," replied Mr. Smooth, ungraciously.

"Then I don't think I care to answer your question."

The old man glared at him.

"Where's your money? It will cost you," after consulting the latest quotations, "just \$9,000 for margin."

"That's right. Here's the cash."

The deal was consummated, and Eddie left the office with his memorandum of the transaction.

Then he made straight for McGuire's office.

"Mr. McGuire, I want you to buy me 300 shares of T. I. & P. for a customer at 90. Here's your margin."

"All right, my boy. Business seems to be picking up your way. That's four orders you've turned in to me today."

"It's about time something was doing if I'm going to pay my office expenses."

"Faith, I'm of the opinion that your office expenses aren't worrying you much. You have the reputation of having made a good thing out of Kentucky Central the other day. I guess you won't go to the poor-house if you don't get a customer for a year."

"Don't be too sure that I made a haul in Kentucky Central, Mr. McGuire. I have not told a soul that I made a dollar out of that stock."

"That's right, Nott. A still tongue makes a wise head," laughed the good-natured broker.

"I suppose you got your idea from that paragraph in the Chronicle?"

"Well, yes. And I've heard a dozen brokers speak about it, and wonder who you were. I told them that I had the honor of your acquaintance, and that you were a first-class chap, though rather young for a trader."

"You were very kind to speak well of me, Mr. McGuire."

"Don't mention it, my boy. Would you have me burden my soul with a lie?"

"You're a gentleman, Mr. McGuire, which is more than I can say of every man in the street who wears good clothes and holds his head high," said Eddie as he rose to go.

On his return to his office he wrote a note to Miss Grant, telling her that he had invested her money, plus \$50 additional, which he had advanced at his own risk, in order to secure her the full 300 shares of T. I. & P. stock which he had good reason to believe would shortly advance in price.

He also mailed a statement of account to Mr. Gale Whitney's check, and a note thanking him for such prompt service, and promising him further commissions.

The ticker that day showed an advance of one point in T. I. & P.

Next morning Eddie received a reply from Miss Grant

in which she thanked him for advancing the extra \$50, and enclosed her father's check to cover same.

She said she would follow the quotations with great interest now that she was once more involved in the whirl of Wall street speculation.

"It will kind of astonish her if that stock goes up 15 or 20 points," thought the young broker. "I guess such good luck would make me pretty solid with her in spite of my beardless upper lip."

CHAPTER VIII.

EDDIE AVOIDS THE SLUMP IN T. I. & P.

On Monday it was reported about the Exchange that the T. I. & P. road had got control of the P. A. & N., and would raise its freight and passenger rates at once.

There was an immediate rush made for the T. I. & P. standard, and for an hour there was some lively bidding for the stock, which bounded up to 102.

At that figure a lot of it was dumped on the market, and the price receded to 99.

It recovered, however, and advanced again under the support of the brokers who represented the combine that was trying to advance it to 110 at least.

About noon a rumor prevailed that there was some hitch about the purchase of the controlling interest in P. A. & N., and the bears took advantage of it to assail it with selling orders.

For the next hour the stock fluctuated between 101 and 105.

Eddie was one of the earliest of the spectators in the visitors' gallery of the Exchange that day, and he kept his attention strictly upon the movements of the stock in which he was so vitally interested.

He didn't like the strong fight the bears were making against the stock, and was afraid they might yet win out.

Finally, close on to one o'clock he heard some of the new spectators talking about the rumor of trouble over the consolidation of the two roads.

He thought this was merely a fake report that the bears had sent out to serve their own purposes.

Nevertheless, he decided to get out from under right away, for he had too much money at risk to take too many chances.

Besides, he did not want to endanger the venture he had made for Miss Grant.

So he hurried around to his brokers and told the margin clerk to close out his holdings at the current figure.

Then he telephoned McGuire to dispose of the 300 shares he had bought for Miss Grant, and received a reply that it would be done at once.

He also telephoned to Mr. Smooth to sell his 1,000 shares of T. I. & P.

These transactions were all carried out at a fraction above 105.

The brokers supporting the stock took them in to save the price from going down, and put up such a stiff fight that T. I. & P. advanced to 107 3-8 before the Exchange closed.

When Eddie saw those figures on the ticker afterward he wondered if he hadn't made a mistake in allowing himself to be frightened off too soon.

"Never mind," he comforted himself, "I've made a profit of 15 a share, or about \$90,000. I'm satisfied. Miss Grant has come out \$4,500 ahead, and I guess she'll be more than satisfied."

Next morning all the papers printed an account of the failure of T. I. & P. to buy out P. A. & N., after all, and stated that the premature advance in the price of the stock of the former road was due to a gigantic bull scheme to squeeze the public.

The result was that when the Exchange opened at ten o'clock T. I. & P. was seen to be on the toboggan, for it had dropped overnight from 107 3-8 to 101, and though a frantic effort was made to hold it even at that figure by its supporters it kept on down so quick that the ways seemed to be greased, and before noon was marked at 87.

Later on it jumped back to 92, but in the meantime scores of brokers and outsiders had been badly squeezed in the mix-up.

Eddie had reason to congratulate himself in his good luck on getting out at nearly a top figure, and he wondered how Broker Robinson and his friend had come out of the scrap.

On his way back from lunch he ran against Robinson in the corridor.

He looked like a man who had just been tearing his hair out by the roots.

Eddie couldn't refrain from getting back at him.

"Congratulate me, Mr. Robinson," he said, stepping up to the broker.

"On what?" snarled Robinson.

"On my luck. I bought 6,000 shares of T. I. & P. at 90, and sold out yesterday at 105 before the frost came on. I'm just \$90,000 to the good. How did you come out? I heard that you had invested \$25,000 or so in the stock."

"Who told you I had put \$25,000 into T. I. & P.?" cried Robinson, in a rage, grabbing Eddie by the arms and glaring at him like a mad bull.

"I heard it."

"I want your authority."

"You'll have to want, as I never disclose the names of people who tell me things. Isn't it true?"

"If you don't tell me who gave you that information I'll shake the life out of you," cried Robinson furiously.

"No, you won't, Mr. Robinson," replied Eddie, wriggling out of his grasp. "Maybe you think you can do as you please with me; but you can't, just the same."

Robinson, white with anger, made a dash at the boy, but Eddie stepped quickly aside and Robinson in his effort

to grab him tripped over his own feet and went sprawling down on the marble floor of the corridor.

Eddie took advantage of the chance to run into his office and close the door.

He found statements and checks from his regular brokers and also from Smooth.

While he was examining them Broker McGuire came in with his statement and check, and Eddie asked him inside.

"I don't mind telling you, Mr. McGuire, that I have just cleared \$90,000 out of T. I. & P.," showing him the checks.

"Upon my word you're one of the few lucky ones. How did you come to buy that stock? Anybody give you a tip?"

"Well, yes. I accidentally heard that the road had bought out the P. A. & N."

"But the deal didn't go through."

"So it seems. I thought it was all right, however, and invested on the strength of it."

"It has proved all right for you, for you got out in time. How came you to sell out so quickly? Half the brokers in town believe T. I. & P. would go as high as 115."

"Well, I heard the rumor that there was a hitch in the deal, so I thought I would get on the safe side."

"You couldn't have acted with better judgment if you'd been an old and seasoned operator. I guess you're about as smart as they come."

"Thanks, Mr. McGuire. I try to keep abreast of the times."

"Faith, you made a very pretty picking, so you did. I haven't made \$90,000 in a dog's age."

Mr. McGuire took his leave and then Eddie drew a letter-head toward him and wrote his fair customer as follows:

"New York, May 27, 190—.

"Miss Bessie Grant, Cornwall, N. Y.:

"It is with much pleasure I write you that the 300 shares of T. I. & P. I bought for your account has brought you in a profit of \$4,500. I sold the stock at 105 yesterday afternoon, in connection with 6,000 shares I held myself. This morning the stock tumbled to below 90. As you have probably seen the slump in the papers, you may be feeling nervous over the situation; but this will reassure you. I now hold, as per enclosed statement, \$7,200, subject to your order. Hoping that my successful efforts in your behalf meet with your full approval, I beg to remain,

"Very truly yours, Eddie Nott."

CHAPTER IX.

CARRIE THORNTON WARNS EDDIE.

A few days afterward Eddie received a very nicely worded letter from Miss Grant thanking him for the interest he took in investing her money to such good advantage.

"You have done so well by me that I would like to leave my money with you for you to reinvest in the market as you see fit," she added; "that is, if I am not imposing on your good nature. I assure you that I shall not forget your kindness to me even if my next venture should prove unfortunate. I do not expect you to win always for me. If you will permit me to remain as your customer, you may send me the \$200 and retain the \$7,000 to put up as a margin on any stock that you think is worth the risk."

Eddie was willing to keep her on his list on her own terms and that afternoon he sent her a draft for the \$200.

The young broker had not seen Robinson since the little scrap in the corridor, but Broker McGuire told him that Robinson was pretty sore on him, and had threatened to get even.

"All right," replied Eddie. "This is a free country, but he'd better look out that he doesn't get it in the neck himself. People who go around looking for trouble generally find more than they want."

As he was coming back to his office from a visit to the Exchange Eddie saw Robinson come out of Mr. Smooth's office.

He held back until the broker had disappeared around into the next corridor where his office was, and then entered his own.

Eddie didn't leave for home that day till after five, having some writing to attend to.

As he was locking the outer door Carrie Thornton, with her hat and jacket on, came out of Smooth's office.

Of course they saw each other at once.

"I'm so glad to see you, Eddie," said Carrie, rushing up to him with outstretched hand.

"Same here, Carrie. Come in and see my office. You promised to do so, you know."

She accepted the invitation, so the young broker unlocked the door again and escorted his fair visitor inside.

"This is the next room to ours, isn't it?" she said. "And that door——"

"Opens on Mr. Smooth's reception-room. Come inside and see my private den."

He led her into the smaller room beyond.

"You have it real nice here. I wish I were your stenographer instead of Mr. Smooth's," she said brightly.

"I wish you were, too, Carrie. Maybe some day I'll hire you away from him, but at present I haven't enough work to keep one of your little fingers busy."

"But you're making lots of money, aren't you?"

"Who told you that, Carrie?"

"Oh, I overheard Mr. Smooth say so. Besides our book-keeper said he believed you were panning out first-rate."

"Well, I'm in no immediate danger of going to the poor-house," laughed Eddie.

"I'm very glad to know that you are succeeding."

"Thank you, Carrie. I know you mean that."

"I do, indeed. Now, I want to tell you something."

"Do you? What is it? That you are ready to say yes if I should ask you to marry me?"

"The idea!" she exclaimed, blushing crimson.

"Well, what is it, Carrie? I'm listening."

"I don't know whether it's right to tell what one hears in one's own office," she began.

"Not as a rule it isn't," replied Eddie.

"But this concerns you very much," she said earnestly.

"Then I think you should tell me about it."

"Mr. Smooth doesn't like you, Eddie."

"That's no news, Carrie," chuckled the boy broker.

"He intends to do you some harm if he can."

"That doesn't surprise me, either. It makes him sick to think I am getting on at all."

"Why is it you have been doing business with him, then?"

"Oh, to show him I had no ill-will on my part for the bounce he gave me, and to let him know I could make a few dollars as a broker as well as he."

"He was very angry over the way in which you came out ahead in Kentucky Central."

"I have no doubt he was. He looked it the next time I saw him."

"Then the other day you made \$15,000 on T. I. & P. stock through a deal in our office."

"Yes, but I made \$75,000 out of a larger deal in the same stock at another firm, Carrie."

"You did!" she cried, opening her eyes with astonishment.

"I did."

"Why, that is \$90,000 profit."

"You've got it right."

"If Mr. Smooth knew that he'd have a spasm."

"Well, you can tell him if you want to. I don't care how many spasms he has."

"No. I wouldn't think of telling him. He's sore enough on you now."

"Well, what is this matter you were about to tell me?"

"Are you acquainted with a broker in this building named Robinson?"

"Yes, and I don't like him for a cent."

"He was in our office this afternoon, and was talking to Mr. Smooth in a very confidential way. I overheard your name mentioned once or twice, so I judged they were conversing about you."

"Well," said Eddie, very much interested, "did you hear anything they said?"

"I heard Mr. Robinson remark that he thought you ought to be an easy proposition, as you had had so little experience as a broker."

"He said that, did he?" grinned Eddie.

"Yes."

"He ought to know better than that, for it is only the other day he came into my office with a proposition which I turned down. He intended to rope me into a little squeeze game which he had all ready cut and dried. He expected me to bite at it at once, but I didn't. That same

afternoon I accidentally got on to Robinson's game. It was the meanest kind of trick he meant to work off on me, and so I mean to fight mighty shy of him hereafter."

"I think you are right to be on your guard against him, and Mr. Smooth as well. I am sure they are getting up some scheme to put you out of business. I haven't any idea what it is, for they spoke in very low tones, and I was only able to catch a word here and there."

"Well, I'm much obliged to you, Carrie, for the warning. I shan't forget your kindness."

"That is all right, Eddie. I'm only too glad to be of any service to you," replied the girl with a smile.

"I hope the time will come when I can be of service to you, and then you may depend on me away down to the ground floor."

"You are very kind to say that, Eddie."

"Not at all, Carrie. We've always been friends, you know, and I trust nothing will prevent our friendship from growing, for I think more of you than any girl I ever knew."

Carrie blushed and looked down.

"Well, I won't detain you any longer. You are anxious to get home, I know, for Smooth keeps you at your desk longer than any other broker in the Street would do. I'll see you as far as the bridge cars if you don't mind."

They left the office together, and walked up Nassau street to the Brooklyn Bridge entrance, where Eddie left her, and then boarded an underground express for Harlem.

CHAPTER X.

THE BOSTON & MAINE SHARES.

Next morning there was some excitement on the Exchange over the sudden rise of a certain stock, and Eddie left his office to go to the visitors' gallery to see what was on the tapis.

He hadn't been gone over a minute or two before a sandy-featured man walked into the office and asked Bob if Mr. Nott was in.

"No, sir. He just went over to the Exchange."

"Well, that's too bad. I wanted to see him about selling some stock for me," said the visitor, taking a big envelope out of his pocket. "I was told by a friend that Mr. Nott was one of the smartest young brokers on the Street, and so I thought I'd call in and see him. You don't know when he'll be in, do you?"

"I don't expect him to return for half an hour at least. Can't I take your order?"

"I'm afraid not," replied the sandy man, in a doubtful tone. "I have some shares here which I want Mr. Nott to sell for me," and the speaker showed Bob the contents of the envelope."

"Then you had better call in an hour, sir. If you will leave your name——"

"It will be impossible for me to call again to-day," said the visitor, "as I am going to Philadelphia by the noon train. However, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll leave these shares of stock with you. Give them to Mr. Nott when he comes back, and tell him I want him to sell them for me at the market price. I'll write a receipt for them, and you can sign it. I will call to-morrow noon."

"All right," answered Bob, who signed the receipt after seeing that it correctly stated the name and number of shares in the envelope.

It was all of an hour before Eddie returned, and then Bob handed him the envelope containing the stock left by the sandy featured man.

"The man who left this stock wants you to sell it for him."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know."

"Didn't you ask him his name?"

"Yes; but he didn't give it to me."

"Well, where is his written order for me to dispose of this stock?"

"He didn't leave any."

"But he ought to have known that I couldn't offer this stock for sale without an order."

Eddie opened the envelope and took out the certificates. There were ten 50-share certificates of Boston & Maine railroad, made out in the name of George Deering.

The young broker scanned each one carefully, and as far as he could determine they appeared to be all right.

There was no writing on the envelope that would give any clew to the owner's name or address.

"When did the man say he would call again?"

"To-morrow noon. He said he had to go to Philadelphia to-day on the noon train."

"What sort of looking man was he?" asked Eddie.

Bob described the sandy featured man as well as he could.

"It may be all right, but I don't like the looks of it," said Eddie. "That chap may have stolen that stock somewhere for all I could tell. I must know more about him before I'll handle the stock."

He put the envelope containing the certificates in his safe to await the reappearance of the presumed owner.

About one o'clock a gentleman walked into the office and asked to see Mr. Nott.

"If you will give me your name I'll take it in to him," said Bob.

"It isn't necessary," replied the visitor, glibly. "Mr. Nott doesn't know me. I just want to see him on a little business."

Bob went into the private office and told Eddie that a gentleman who wouldn't give his name wanted to see him on business.

"All right. Tell him to step in."

When his caller appeared his face seemed a trifle familiar to the boy.

"I've seen him somewhere," thought Eddie, "but I can't place him at this moment."

"Mr. Nott?" asked the stranger.

"Yes, sir. Take a seat. Your name is——"

"Benson," replied his visitor.

Instantly Eddie recalled under what circumstances he had met this man before.

He was Robinson's friend.

The man to whom Robinson had explained the trick he had hoped to work off on Eddie, and who had furnished the tip which had resulted rather disastrously both to himself and Robinson, but had proved a \$90,000 winner to the boy broker.

Eddie had only got a glimpse of his face as he was leaving Robinson's office, but he now knew it was the same man.

The fact that Benson was an avowed friend of Robinson's put Eddie on his guard.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Benson?" he asked his visitor.

"I'm looking for some Boston & Maine stock," said Mr. Benson. "I want to get hold of 500 or 600 shares to fill an order. It seems to be very scarce on the Street. Have you any of it, or do you know who has? I'm willing to pay half a point above the market price if I can get some right away."

"No," replied Eddie. "I'm afraid I cannot accommodate you. If you will come back to-morrow afternoon, any time after noon, I may be able to furnish you with what you are looking for."

"That will be too late," replied Mr. Benson. "I must have the stock now."

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to look elsewhere for it."

"I'll give you a point above the market figure if you can find me some right away."

"Give me your office address and a signed order that you will pay for them C. O. D., and I'll go out and see what I can do for you."

"No," replied Benson. "I can perhaps pick them up myself on the outside. I made you this special offer on the supposition that you had some of the stock in your office."

"What made you think I had any in my office?"

"Oh, I thought from your manner maybe you had some, and was holding back for a better figure than I offered at first."

"If I had any for sale I should have taken you up at once," answered Eddie.

"Then you haven't any to sell me?"

"No, sir. I have not a single share of Boston & Maine to sell you."

"But you said that you might have some to-morrow, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Where do you expect to get them from?"

"I am surprised you should ask such a question as that, Mr. Benson," said Eddie.

"Well, I may be in to-morrow if I can't fill my order to-day and my customer is willing to wait," said Benson, rising, with a disappointed look.

"Very well. You will probably find me in all the afternoon."

Mr. Benson then took his leave.

After he had gone Eddie began to ponder over the situation.

"This Boston & Maine business begins to look rather funny to me. What induced Robinson's friend to come in here looking for the very amount of stock that was left here to be disposed of a couple of hours or so ago? He acted as if he knew I had some of the stock in my possession. Is this a put-up job of some kind that is being worked on me by Robinson and my next-door neighbor, Smooth? If so, what kind of a job is it? I really can't make head or tail of it. Perhaps the stock was left here to see if I would dispose of it on a mere verbal order to my office boy. If I had sold the stock to Benson the man who left it, when he comes to-morrow, might say that he had never given such an order, but merely left it here on deposit until he returned to reclaim it. If that's the game the originators of it will be disappointed, for I'm not such a chump as to sell anything belonging to another person without I have written authority to do so. I think I'll go in and consult McGuire about this matter. He's a decent man, and no particular friend of Robinson's."

McGuire, however, was at the Exchange and Eddie couldn't see him just then.

Finally he decided to submit the thing to the broker with whom he did business.

So he called on Mr. Gibson, the head of the firm.

That gentleman listened attentively to the circumstances of the case.

"The person who left that stock at your office is either unused to Wall street methods, in which case he may be a thief; or he is the agent of persons who are trying to put you into a hole for some reason. Eternal vigilance is the price of success down here, young man. You can't go to sleep and still expect to hold your end up. My advice to you is to hold that stock in your safe until after the hour the man who left it with your office boy said he would call. If he shows up make it plain to him that you must have some reference before you can do business with him. If he doesn't show up get your office boy to sign an affidavit showing how the certificates came into his possession, and take that and the shares to the nearest police station. It is not impossible that the stock may be forged. However, what concerns you is to get it off your hands."

Eddie thanked Mr. Gibson for his advice and decided to act on it.

The sandy featured man failed to turn up next day at noon, and after waiting a reasonable time for him Eddie prepared the affidavit, and Bob signed it in the presence of a notary.

Then the young broker took it with the envelope con-

taining the shares to the Old Slip station, and handed them to the officer in charge.

CHAPTER XI.

EDDIE GETS THE BEST OF THE CONSPIRACY.

Several days passed, and still the man who had left the stock did not appear to claim it, neither did Mr. Benson show up again.

On the afternoon of the fourth day Eddie was surprised to receive a visit from Robinson, who was accompanied by another man.

"Well, Mr. Robinson, to what am I indebted for this call?" asked the young broker.

"Have you any Boston & Maine stock in your safe?" asked Robinson, abruptly.

"No, sir," answered Eddie, promptly. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I have reason to believe you have."

"What reason?"

"That's my business. Officer, produce your search warrant."

The man, who proved to be a detective, showed his authority from a magistrate to search Eddie's office for certain specified certificates of Boston & Maine stock.

"You are looking for that stock, are you?" asked Eddie. The detective nodded.

"You may save yourself both time and trouble by applying at the Old Slip police station for those shares."

"What do you mean?" demanded Robinson, flushing red in the face.

"I mean that those shares were left at this office by a stranger to be sold. He promised to come back next day to see me about them. He hasn't showed up since. Thinking there might be something crooked about the matter I turned the certificates over to the police with a sworn statement of how they came into my possession."

"You did?" gasped Robinson.

"I did."

"I think that story is very fishy. I insist that you open your safe so that this officer can search it."

"Very well," replied Eddie. "I have no objection. But what have you to do with that stock? And why do you suppose the shares to be in my possession?"

"That stock belongs to me. I have missed it ever since the afternoon you were in my office, when I laid the envelope containing the certificates down on the ticker where you were standing."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I stole that stock?" demanded Eddie hotly.

"I mean to say that there are grounds for such a suspicion."

"You have said enough, Mr. Robinson. You will have to prove your words, made in the presence of this detec-

tive, whom I shall hold as a witness, or you will have to answer for the consequences. I have already got some evidence that this whole affair is a put-up job, and I am going to make the guilty parties sweat for it."

"A put-up job," exclaimed Robinson, turning pale.

"Yes, sir—a put-up job. The safe is not locked, officer. Please make your search with as little delay as possible. You may then examine my desk. After you are satisfied the stock is not here then you had better do what I advised you to do at first—go to the Old Slip station."

Robinson looked very white under the eyes while the detective was making his useless search for the Boston & Maine shares.

"They do not appear to be here, Mr. Robinson," he said at last.

"Then I must have made a mistake in supposing that this boy took them," said the broker, weakly.

"That won't do now, Mr. Robinson," retorted Eddie, who saw that he had his enemy on the run. "You have practically charged me with the theft——"

"I'll apologize," interrupted Robinson, hastily.

"Sit right down at my desk then, and write a retraction of your suspicions," demanded Eddie.

"I'd like to see myself doing such a thing as that," snorted Robinson, angrily.

"All right. Then I'll have you and Dudley Smooth arrested for conspiracy to ruin me."

"What do you mean?" gasped Robinson, turning fairly livid.

"Just what I say," replied Eddie, coolly.

"Are you out of your senses?"

"Don't you worry about that. I have evidence that you went to Mr. Smooth's office and arranged this Boston & Maine scheme in his private room. You sent that sandy featured man to my office to leave those shares in my possession, and you took care to do it when I was out. Then you sent your friend Benson around here to buy them from me. As soon as you got them back you intended to have me arrested for stealing them out of your office. It was a fine game for a presumed decent broker like you to work on an inexperienced boy like me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Eddie was throwing a gigantic bluff, for though he believed he was practically correct in his deductions of the case, still he was aware that he could not prove a single thing against the two conspirators, though he believed that by hiring a smart lawyer he could give them a great deal of trouble, and perhaps show them up to very bad advantage in the newspapers.

If ever a man looked guilty Robinson did at that moment; but he made a desperate effort to down Eddie's accusations.

"It's a lie," he shouted. "It's——"

"I'll give you a last chance to get out of this thing before I put it in the hands of a lawyer. Write that retraction and be sure to make the apology ample."

"I'll see you jiggered first," howled the broker, rushing from the room, followed by the detective.

"All right," muttered Eddie to himself. "I'll see if I can give both you and Mr. Smooth the scare of your lives."

He put on his hat and went up to Nassau street to call on a well-known lawyer.

In the meantime Robinson and the detective went to the Old Slip station about the Boston & Maine shares.

The captain of the precinct confirmed Eddie's statement, and then told Robinson that he had turned the certificates into police headquarters.

The broker hurried up to 300 Mulberry street to see the chief of police.

That official acknowledged that the stock had been sent there.

"It is now in the hands of the property clerk."

"Will you give me an order on the property clerk so that I can recover it?"

"No, sir; this matter will have to be investigated first. You say the bonds were stolen from your office. I must make an effort to catch the thief, who seems to be the man, or his accomplice, who left the certificates at that young broker's office for sale. I have a partial description of the fellow in the report of the captain of the Old Slip station. I shall get a more complete one by having that broker's office boy questioned."

The chief's words threw Robinson into a mild panic, for the sandy featured man was a friend of his own friend Benson, and he was sure that if the man was identified and arrested that he would give the whole game away to save himself.

The stock was the property of Mr. Smooth, and was worth \$61,000, and Robinson was anxious to get it back so as to return it to him.

He tried his best to persuade the chief to give it up, but he wouldn't, so when he left headquarters he hurried to his office and telephoned to Benson to call on him at once.

"You must get Carter to leave the city at once," he said, as soon as Benson appeared.

"Why so?" asked his friend in surprise.

"Because he is in danger of arrest at any moment, and you know it will be very awkward all around if he is pulled in."

Robinson then told Benson how badly the Boston & Maine scheme had failed of accomplishing its object.

"The worst of it all is that the police have possession of the stock. The chief refuses to give it up until after he has investigated the case, and his first move he told me will be to try and arrest the man who left the stock at Nott's office. That is Carter, you know. He has a partial, and expects to get a more complete description of him from Nott's office boy. Now, it won't do at all for Carter to be arrested. He must be sent out of town until this thing blows over. I'll see that all his expenses are paid, so I wish you'd attend to the matter right away."

"All right," replied Benson, appreciating the hole Robinson was in.

Next morning Robinson received a letter from the Nassau street lawyer which stated that unless he made a complete retraction and ample apology proceedings would at once be begun against him on the charge of conspiracy, and that this charge would involve others.

That letter gave the broker an awful shock.

He could not guess how much Eddie had found out, but taken in connection with the attitude of the chief of police, and his own guilty conscience, he wilted at once.

He rushed around and talked to Dudley Smooth about it, telling the old man that Eddie had threatened to bring charges of conspiracy against them both.

The result was that Smooth told him to make a full retraction of his words against the boy, and to make an abject apology if necessary to hush the matter up.

This was a bitter pill for Robinson to swallow; but there was no way out of it, and so he wrote Eddie a complete refutation of his statement that he had suspected the young broker of stealing the Boston & Maine shares from his office, and begged the boy to let the whole matter drop.

Eddie was satisfied that he had given the two rascals a hard shake-up, so he was willing to call the thing off, more especially as the police failed to find Carter, who was shipped to Canada by Robinson's friend.

CHAPTER XII.

EDDIE ARRANGES TO TAKE A LIFE PARTNER.

Three months passed away, and the hot month of August had the city in its grasp.

Things had been pretty slow in the Street since the first of July, and Eddie, although he had secured a couple of dozen new customers, mostly through his card in the financial journals, hadn't done any business to speak of.

He spent a good part of his time with Carrie Thornton at the nearby seaside resorts, and the two enjoyed themselves immensely together.

The young broker wrote Miss Grant that he had not so far seen anything that he cared to risk her money in, but when he did she would hear from him.

This letter brought a renewed expression of confidence from the Cornwall young lady, and she promised not to be impatient as to results.

The police having failed after a reasonable time in finding any trace of the sandy featured man, let the case go by default, and returned the stock to Robinson, who duly turned it over to Mr. Smooth.

The two rascals, however, had learned a lesson, and were very wary of coming up against the shrewd boy broker again.

One morning Eddie heard two brokers talking together in low tones about a certain stock, the name of which they did not mention.

They appeared to be members of a syndicate which had been formed to boom it.

"Smooth is with us in this, and will do the buying and booming," said one. "He will be assisted by a man named Robinson, and also by Benson, another smart young broker. We are certain to make a good thing out of this deal all around."

"When do we begin operations?" asked the other.

"Next Monday. Nobody will suspect that anything is in the wind until we have gobbled up all the shares in sight. Then, after we've forced up the price, we'll commence to unload in a quiet way, and take our profits."

At this point the speaker observed Eddie close by, and nudging his companion, they both walked away.

"So," mused Eddie. "Smooth is in the syndicate, is he? And he, Robinson, and Benson are going to do the booming and buying? I must get in on the ground floor, too. I wish I knew the name of the stock they're going to handle. Oh, well, I ought to find that out easily enough, since I know the three men who are to do the buying. All I need do is to watch them and note the stock they are gathering in."

He said nothing to anyone, of course, about what he had heard.

On Monday morning promptly at ten o'clock he was up in the visitors' gallery of the Stock Exchange, looking down on the brokers on the floor.

Dudley Smooth, Nick Robinson, and George Benson were all there, and it wasn't long before Eddie saw that they were bidding in all the Southern Texas they could get hold of.

As soon as the young broker had made sure of their programme he left the gallery and started for his safe-deposit vaults to get his money.

He took out \$61,000, hurried with it to his brokers, and ordered 10,000 shares of Southern Texas to be bought for him at the market price of 61.

Then he returned to his office, took \$6,100 of Miss Grant's money, and went in to see McGuire.

"I want you to buy me 1,000 shares of Southern Texas for a lady customer at 61, which is the ruling figure," he said to the broker.

"Faith, it will give me great pleasure to do that for you, Eddie," McGuire replied, "for business is plaguey dull. So the lady wants 1,000 shares, does she? Quite a plunger in her little way."

"Oh, she knows a good thing when she sees it," grinned the boy.

"Then you wish me to understand that Southern Texas is a good thing?"

"I think it is."

"Are you buying any yourself on the outside?"

"Well, yes; I have bought a few shares, just to keep abreast of the times."

"It's too bad that you never favor me with any of your personal orders."

"Well, you see I have a special arrangement with a big

house up the Street, otherwise I'd sent my orders to you," was the way Eddie placated McGuire.

An hour afterward Southern Texas had gone up a point.

Eddie got \$62,000 more from his box, went to another brokerage firm, and bought 10,000 additional shares of the stock.

When the boy went to lunch at one o'clock he found that Southern Texas was ruling at 64, an advance of three points since the Exchange opened.

After some deliberation he resolved to go the whole hog on the stock, so he drew \$64,000 from his box, leaving a meager \$3,000 in the vault, and put it up with a third broker as security for another 10,000 shares, making 30,000 shares in all that he held of Southern Texas.

Evidently Eddie Nott was a boy of nerve.

"If a screw should happen to work loose in Southern Texas I stand an excellent chance of being completely wiped out; but just the same I wouldn't be the only one who would be crippled."

That afternoon Eddie wrote Miss Grant that he had placed \$6,100 of her money in 1,000 shares of Southern Texas, and that she might look to see it rise.

He waited around till Carrie left Smooth's office, and walked with her to the bridge cars.

"What's new in your place?" he asked her, as they turned into Nassau street.

"Mr. Smooth seems to be very busy with some new deal," she answered.

"Yes, I know," grinned Eddie. "He's booming Southern Texas just now."

"How do you know that?" she asked, wonderingly, as she hadn't heard a word about the stock herself.

"Oh, I'm not asleep, even if it is the good old summer time," he said, with a wink. "I also know that Robinson and Benson are helping him keep the ball rolling."

"I never saw such a smart boy as you are," she said admiringly.

"Oh, I'm not the only pebble. There are lots of others."

"I'd bet anything you're in on the stock, Eddie."

"You might lose, Carrie," he said, with a laugh.

"I'd risk it," she replied, with a knowing shake of her head.

"Well, perhaps I've a few shares; but that's between you and I."

"Oh, I won't tell anyone about it. Why should I?"

"That's right. I don't want Smooth to know that I've any Southern Texas."

"Has it gone up since you bought it?"

"It's gone up three points since I bought the first lot."

"The first lot! Then you've got a bunch of it, have you?" she asked.

"You are asking too many questions, Carrie," laughed Eddie.

"Am I?"

"However, I'll tell you all about the matter if you will

answer one question the right way that I want to ask you."

"I'll agree."

"But you don't know what that question is? Look out that I don't spring something on you that'll take your breath away."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I know you take a great interest in my business, Carrie. Well, I'm willing to let you in on the ground floor on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you agree to become Mrs. Eddie Nott some day."

"Oh, Eddie!" exclaimed Carrie, blushing violently.

"There now, it's up to you. Say yes, and I'll consider you a sort of silent partner in my business."

It was several minutes before the girl opened her mouth.

Eddie didn't hurry her.

He was hopeful, for he had reason to believe that her answer would be favorable.

As for Carrie, Eddie's proposal had taken her by surprise.

Not but that she had long suspected his feelings toward her, but because he had sprung the delicate question upon her right in the open street.

She had given the young broker plenty of encouragement of late to believe that she thought a whole lot of him, and he was in the habit of striking the iron while it was hot.

"Eddie," she said, slowly, at last, "you shouldn't have asked me such an embarrassing question on the street."

"I'll admit that, Carrie. I was rather too impulsive. However, since the damage is done, are you willing to answer it?"

"What do you want me to say?"

"You know what I want you to say. Just one little word."

"No is one little word," she replied demurely.

"I know it is; but the word I want to hear has three letters in it, not two."

"There are lots of words with three letters. How am I to know which one you are thinking of?" she asked, tantalizingly.

"Ask your heart, Carrie, what the word is," he said, earnestly.

"Is it 'Yes'?" she answered with some hesitation.

"That's the word. Do you mean it?"

"Yes, Eddie."

"You promise then to be my wife some day?"

"Yes, if you want me to."

"Of course I want you to, so we'll consider the matter as settled. Is that understood between us?"

"Yes, Eddie. You may speak to my mother whenever you wish."

"I will come over to-night, for I want to get you a handsome engagement ring to-morrow."

Broker Eddie was certainly not letting the grass grow under his feet.

CHAPTER XIII.

EDDIE BECOMES A MILLIONAIRE.

As a splendid diamond ring appeared on Carrie Thornton's engagement finger a day or two afterward it is to be presumed that Mrs. Thornton had accepted the boy broker as her future son-in-law.

Carrie also began to take an unusual interest in the office indicator, and was following the upward tendency of Southern Texas with intense satisfaction, not unmixed with some anxiety as to the ultimate outcome, for she now knew that Eddie had practically every dollar of his capital staked on the stock.

Eddie now waited every afternoon for Carrie's knock on his door, which told him she was ready to start for her home.

On the day following that on which she had received her beautiful ring, of which she was very proud, the girl entered the boy broker's office with her hat on.

"All ready to go home, Carrie?" he said, drawing her toward him and imprinting a kiss on her blushing cheek.

"Yes."

"I suppose you know that Southern Texas closed at 69 to-day?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. I'm keeping close tap on it now," she smiled.

"If I was to give the order to sell now I'd clear nearly \$200,000."

"Why don't you sell, then?"

"Because it will be worth more to-morrow."

"I hope so, Eddie; but I'm so nervous lest the bottom drop out when you aren't expecting it."

"Oh, no. It isn't high enough to be top-heavy yet."

"Well, Eddie, you know best."

"I look for it to go to 80 before there is any danger of a slump."

"Do you really think it will go as high as that?"

"I do. Perhaps higher. It is exciting a great deal of attention now on the floor of the Exchange."

Next morning when Eddie approached the Exchange he saw Dudley Smooth and Nick Robinson standing outside talking together.

They wore the air of men who are perfectly satisfied with themselves.

Apparently they were firmly convinced that, so far as Southern Texas was concerned, they were masters of the situation.

As Eddie passed them unobserved he heard Smooth say:

"It's sure to go to 90."

"I dare say you're right," answered Robinson. "There is little offering."

"There may be some dumped on you," breathed Eddie, as he hurried up into the visitors' gallery. "I'm going to jump on you two with both feet if I get the chance, and I think I will. I owe you a little balance for that Boston & Main scheme, and I'd like to square it."

That day Southern Texas climbed up to 75.

"I told you last night that S. T. would be worth more to-day," he said to Carrie, when she met him as usual at four o'clock.

"Yes, it closed at 75. That makes you worth ever so much more, doesn't it?"

"On paper I have made \$180,000 to-day."

"And your profits up to last night were \$200,000?"

"That's correct."

"My goodness! What a lot of money! I do wish you'd sell out to-morrow."

Eddie shook his head.

"Too soon. I heard Mr. Smooth say this morning that it was sure to go to 90."

"I don't see how you manage to find out so much about Mr. Smooth's affairs. I never saw a closer man about business."

"Oh, he and Robinson were talking in front of the Exchange as I was passing, and I couldn't help hearing a word or two that they said."

Next morning when the Stock Exchange opened the excitement over Southern Texas rose to fever heat.

The stock was so scarce that the price rose steadily to 85, with few sales.

Eddie stood in the gallery as it went up point by point, each advance meaning a gain of \$30,000 for him.

When he left to go to lunch he was as cool as a cucumber, although he had made \$300,000 that morning.

If he had closed out at that moment he would have made on the deal about \$680,000.

He decided to sell out Miss Grant's holdings, and 10,000 of his shares in two lots of 5,000.

When he came from his lunch he looked at his office ticker and saw that the stock had gone up three points more, so he called in on McGuire and ordered Miss Grant's 1,000 shares sold.

McGuire was at the Exchange, but his clerk telephoned the order to him.

As soon as he offered the 1,000 shares they were snapped up by Smooth at 88 1-8, and the Cornwall young lady was richer by \$27,000 than she had been a week previous.

Up to date Eddie had made \$33,000 profit for her, and all out of her original investment of \$1,000.

At quarter of two Eddie went to the New street entrance of the Exchange, called out one of his brokers, and told him to dump the 10,000 shares he held on the market in two lots.

It was done, and the appearance of so much Southern Texas all at once nearly took Smooth's breath away.

He had to take it over to maintain the price, and Eddie got 89 for it.

On this batch he made a profit of \$270,000, so that he was now in the position to protect the balance of his holdings if necessary.

He waited around the Exchange till he saw Smooth and Robinson come out for a breath of air, when he walked up to them in the most deliberate manner.

"How is Southern Texas, eh?" he asked, with a grin.

"None of your blasted business!" snarled Robinson.

"Well, it is my business, if anybody should happen to ask you," said Eddie, coolly. "Those 10,000 shares you had to accept just now were mine."

"Yours!" roared Smooth and Robinson in one breath, incredulously.

"Yes. Don't you believe me?"

"No," snorted Robinson. "How could you have got hold of 10,000 shares of that stock?"

"That's my business, Mr. Robinson. You bought the stock from Pyle, Hastings & Co., one of my brokers."

"One of your brokers," sneered Robinson. "One would think you were a big operator."

"Well, I'm big enough to have another 10,000 shares of Southern Texas in my vest pocket which I'm going to sell right away. Do you want them, or shall I have 'em dumped inside?"

Smooth and Robinson looked at each other aghast.

"Have you really got 10,000 shares of Southern Texas in your control?" asked the old man, with a drooping lip.

"I have. Do you want it, or don't you. You don't have to take 'em."

"I'll take them at 89," said Smooth, looking at the boy as though he would have enjoyed nothing better than to hear of his sudden death. "Give me an order on your broker—that will be sufficient."

Eddie drew a notebook and pencil from his pocket, and wrote an order on the brokers from whom he had purchased his last batch of stock, to sell out his holdings at once to Mr. Smooth at 89.

The old man took it and hurried back inside of the Exchange.

A representative of the firm was on the floor, and to him Smooth presented the order.

It was promptly accepted, and the syndicate became the owner of another 10,000 shares, which it had not expected to have to handle.

As soon as Eddie found that his stock had been transferred to the clique, he wrote a little note, and sent it in to Mr. Smooth.

This is what it said:

"I have 10,000 more shares of Southern Texas that I have no use for. You can have them at 90. If you don't take them in five minutes I'll order them to be thrown on the market.—Eddie Nott."

Mr. Smooth gasped when he read it.

It didn't seem possible that so many shares could be afloat when he thought he had secured about all that was to be got in New York.

The 30,000 shares Eddie had bought at the start off and held on to were presumed by the pool to be held in Galveston, at least such had been the information the members had received.

The clique, however, did not know that the Galveston

shares had been forwarded to Wall street the day before its brokers commenced their buying, and that the brokers who did the buying for the boy operator happened to be wise to that fact, and consequently knew just where to go for the stock, the transactions consequently not appearing on the Exchange records.

Smooth showed Eddie's note to Robinson, and that young man swore a great oath.

"He's a liar," roared Robinson. "He's got no more shares."

"Then we'll call his bluff," replied Smooth, grimly.

He did, and Eddie sent him in an order on his regular brokers for the original 10,000, to be delivered to Mr. Smooth at 90.

The old man nearly fainted when he saw it.

"He has the stock," he gasped, with a livid face, turning to Robinson. "My heavens! When will this end? Another block of any size at all will send us to the wall. We'll have to buy of him and begin to unload at once."

Robinson fairly gritted his teeth with rage.

To think of that boy being in on that deal and getting the best of them in such a high-handed way!

He felt at the moment as if he could have murdered the young broker.

Accidentally looking up at the visitors' gallery there he beheld Eddie grinning down on them both with evident satisfaction.

"Curse him! Curse him!" gritted Robinson through his clenched teeth.

Then he shook his fist at the boy, who smiled back in return and lifted his hat with the utmost politeness. But he and Smooth to save themselves from ruin bought and paid for Eddie's 10,000 shares of the stock.

When the Exchange closed Southern Texas had gone up to 93, and Smooth, Robinson, and Benson were unloading the stock in small lots to prevent suspicion of their real movements coming to general notice.

Next morning they continued operations on a little larger scale, as everybody seemed crazy to get hold of the shares, and they were beginning to recover their former good humor when the news of their plans got about the floor.

A wild panic ensued, the stock dropping ten points in as many minutes.

Eddie, however, was not there to see it.

He was up in his office figuring up the profits represented by the statements and checks he had just received.

He had cleared \$810,000 on the Southern Texas deal, which together with the amount he had deposited for margins, which was returned to him, and the \$3,000 cash in his safe deposit box, made him worth exactly one million dollars.

CHAPTER XIV.

MISS GRANT'S GRATITUDE.

There were wild scenes on the floor of the Exchange that day.

Mr. Smooth and his assistants, however, succeeded in allaying the panic when the stock got down to 75.

At that figure they managed to unload the greater part of their shares, but they lost more than half a million in profits, owing to the heavy price they had been compelled to pay Eddie Nott for his 30,000 shares.

This was a bitter reflection for them, and that afternoon the three of them gathered in Robinson's office and swore to leave no stone upturned to ruin the boy and drive him from the Street.

"How can we do it?" asked Robinson, with darkened brow.

"It must be our business to study up some plan to catch him off his guard," said Dudley Smooth.

"He must have made a mint of money off those 30,000 shares of Southern Texas. We had to give him almost the top figure for them, and the chances are he bought them as low as 60 or thereabouts," gritted Robinson. "I never heard of such luck as that little monkey is having. He's got the gift of Midas—everything he touches turns into gold."

"Never you mind, Robinson. Every man or boy alive has his weak point, whatever that is, and if you can discover that point he is at your mercy."

"Just as Achilles was vulnerable only in his heel," replied Robinson, with a sickly grin; "and when a spear-head punched him there it laid him out for keeps. So you think Eddie Nott has a weak point? I'd give \$10,000 to know what it is. If I could get on to it I wouldn't do a thing to him, blast him!"

"We must try to find out what his weakness is."

"Can't we furnish him with a fake tip somehow, and then scoop his little roll?" suggested Benson.

"Well, if you're smart enough to do that I'll give you my check for \$10,000," replied Robinson.

"I'll hold you to your word, Robinson," said Benson, "for I'm going to do my best to win your money."

"But it must be understood that the bet is off unless Nott makes use of the tip after he gets hold of it," said Robinson, hastily. "Otherwise it would do us no good."

"Of course," replied Benson, and soon afterward the three brokers separated.

While this three-cornered interview was progressing, Eddie was in his office reading a note he had received from Miss Grant of Cornwall.

She was simply in ecstasies over her extraordinary winnings in Southern Texas, and said she could scarcely believe her wonderful luck.

"I am coming to the city in a day or two, and will call and see you, my best of friends," she concluded.

A few days later she walked into Eddie's office, dressed like a little queen, and looking altogether as pretty as a picture.

Broker Nott was very glad to see her, and they spent a very pleasant half hour together in his private office.

"Don't you want some of your money?" Eddie asked her.

"How much is it you owe me?"

"How much? Why, \$34,000."

"I never thought I should be worth so much," she said, pursing up her pretty lips. "Do you think I had better risk it again in the market?"

"Well, Miss Grant, much as I should prefer to keep such a pretty young lady as yourself on my books, especially as you're my first customer, I frankly say that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

"Then you advise me to get out of Wall street?"

"You can leave the \$4,000 with me for reinvestment, if you wish to go on, but I certainly advise you to take the \$30,000 with you and invest it in real estate, or something more stable than a game of chance."

"Very well. I will act on your advice, Mr. Nott. You may give me your check for the \$30,000."

"I can't give you a check, Miss Grant, as I am a minor as yet, and cannot carry a regular bank account, although I am actually worth a million at this moment."

"Is it possible you are worth all that money?" she cried in astonishment.

"It is a positive fact."

"I am awfully glad to hear it," she cried, with such earnestness that Eddie laughed.

"Why are you so glad to hear it," he asked.

"Because you have been so good to me. I hope you will always permit me to be your friend, Mr. Nott."

"I shall be only too delighted to have you for a friend, Miss Grant."

"Thank you," she replied. "How, then, will you give me the money?"

"I will get you a check for \$30,000 from my regular brokers. Now, I want you to lunch with me at Delmonico's. Will you do so?"

"Certainly, if you wish me to."

They went to that noted restaurant, and Eddie ordered a substantial repast.

The place was well filled with brokers at the time, and Miss Grant's beauty and modest manners attracted general attention.

More than half of the brokers would have given a good deal to have made her acquaintance, but the opportunity was not permitted them.

After the lunch Eddie got her the promised check, and she took her leave, saying she expected to remain with a friend in the city for a few days.

Next day Eddie received a package from Tiffany's.

He wondered who could have sent it, and what was in it.

Both questions were answered when he opened the package.

Miss Grant had sent it, and it contained a magnificent gold watch and chain, and a diamond-studded charm, the whole being easily worth \$1,000.

The donor hoped Eddie would accept her present as a very slight token of her esteem for him, and her gratitude for what he had done for her in a business way.

The boy was delighted with this expression of his original customer's good-will.

"I have something fine to show you, Carrie," he said to his sweetheart that afternoon, when she came into his office after working hours.

Then he displayed Miss Grant's present.

"I hope you won't be jealous when I tell you that I got that from a very pretty young lady—my first customer."

"Is she really pretty?" asked Carrie.

"Well, say, you just ask Bob. He thinks she's a perfect peach."

"It's a wonder then that you didn't pick her out for yourself instead of taking little plain me."

"Little plain you!" laughed Eddie, grabbing her in his arms and kissing her in spite of her pretended resistance. "I like that! I think you're the loveliest girl in all Wall street."

"Do you really?" she asked, greatly pleased.

"Of course I do. Miss Grant is a stunner, all right; but she isn't you, Carrie. You're my girl, and I wouldn't have any other for a farm."

"I'm glad you think so, Eddie. You make me feel very happy."

"That's the way I ought to make you feel, sweetheart. Isn't that right?"

"Yes. You deserve a little, wee kiss for saying that so prettily."

"All right. I'm a willing victim."

Accordingly she gave him two kisses for good measure, and then they left Wall street together for the Brooklyn Bridge entrance.

CHAPTER XV.

EDDIE WALKS INTO A TRAP.

Several weeks passed away, and the general business of Wall street began to improve, as the summer was now a thing of the past.

One day, while Eddie was in his private office, his telephone rang out, and he put the receiver to his ear.

"Is this you, Mr. Fox?" asked a strange voice.

Before Eddie could say that he was not Mr. Fox the voice hurried on:

"That consolidation of the P. E. & N. road with the C. & N. W. which I was speaking to you about the other day is now an accomplished fact, and will shortly be made public. You will have three or four days in which to make the most of this tip before anyone outside of a select few can get a whack at it. It isn't necessary for me to advise you what to do, as a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse. Good-by."

The man at the other end had cut himself off, and so Eddie had no way of telling him, even if he had wished to do so, that he had been letting a valuable secret out to the wrong party.

"So the P. E. & N. has been consolidated with the C. & N. W.," said Eddie, noting down that fact on a pad. "I haven't heard the slightest rumor about any such thing."

It must have been kept mighty secret. Usually some hint of such a deal being in progress gets out even if it is denied by the interested parties. I must look this thing up. I may have got hold of a very valuable pointer."

Accordingly Eddie put on his hat and went out to see what he could find out about the deal in question.

Necessarily he had to prosecute his inquiries in a very cautious manner, so as not to give the snap away if it really was a snap.

He made application for information at the offices of both the Financial Chronicle and Poor's Railroad Manual, but at neither place had they heard the slightest hint upon the subject.

Then he went around to Moody's railroad publishing house, but they were as much in the dark as the others.

He then carried on his quest in other quarters, but nobody had heard anything about a possible change of management in the P. E. & N. road.

He investigated the condition of the road, and found it was something of a rival to the C. & N. W.

Evidently it would be greatly to the advantage of the latter road if it could gobble up the P. E. & N., but as far as Eddie could ascertain there seemed to be no real reason why the P. E. & N. should sell out to the other line.

"If this is a real tip I've got hold of I'll feel like kicking myself around the block if I don't use it and it turns up trumps. I must consider it well before I turn it down."

Eddie had heretofore done so well with tips that almost without recognizing the fact his weak point was the exploitation of a tip.

The very possession of a pointer set his blood to tingling, and the speculative fever coursing through his veins at fever heat.

But still something told him to be wary about monkeying with a pointer that came over the phone in such a strange manner.

Next morning, soon after he came downtown, a man entered his office, and asked to see him.

"What name shall I say?" asked Bob.

"Stewart."

So Bob knocked at the door of the private room, and announced that a Mr. Stewart wanted to see Mr. Nott on business.

"Ask him to walk in," said Eddie, and the visitor entered his sanctum.

"I called to see if you have any C. & N. W. stock," he said.

"No, sir. I haven't a share. I will get you some if you wish to leave an order with me for it."

"Could you get it right away?"

"Wait a moment, and I'll see."

He called Bob, and asked him to go into Smooth's office and see if that gentleman had any shares of C. & N. W. on hand, and how many.

Bob returned with word that Mr. Smooth had 100 shares which he could have at the market rate of 95.

"How much do you want?" he asked his visitor. "I can get you 100 shares now."

"I want to get 10,000 shares if I can," replied Mr. Stewart. "However, 100 will answer for a certain purpose this afternoon."

"They will cost you \$9,500."

"Very well. I have the cash with me to pay for them."

Eddie sent Bob in to get the 100 shares, and handed them over to the man, who paid for them and took his leave.

The young broker then called on Mr. Smooth and paid him cash for the shares.

When he returned to his office he saw a card on the floor which he picked up.

It had some writing on the back of it.

Eddie found that it ran as follows:

"Dear Stewart.—Buy every share of C. & N. W. you can afford. I have good reason to believe that it will go soaring in less than a week.—Yours, J. W."

"Mr. Stewart evidently dropped this out of his pocket. This seems to confirm my phone tip of C. & N. W. Funny how all the good things come my way. I guess I'd better go in on the stock, and add another half a million to my capital."

Just then Bob knocked at the door and said Mr. Smooth wanted to see him.

"Tell him to step in here," said Eddie.

Mr. Smooth, looking unusually genial for him, walked into the boy's sanctum and sat down beside his desk.

"I called in to see if you wanted any more C. & N. W., Nott," he said.

"I thought you had only the 100 shares I got from you."

"That's all I did have; but I know where I can get quite a bunch of it."

"All right. I'll give you an order to buy me 10,000 shares on a ten-per-cent margin at 95. I'll go for the money at once, and meet you in your office in fifteen minutes."

"Ten thousand shares, did you say?" exclaimed Smooth, hardly able to conceal his satisfaction.

"That's what I said," replied Eddie, reaching for his hat.

As the boy started for the elevator Smooth walked as quickly as his old legs would carry him around to Robinson's office to carry the good news.

"What do you think, Robinson? Nott has bought 10,000 shares of C. & N. W. from me at 95 on margin. That will cost him \$95,000, and he's gone out now to get the cash. We've got him at last."

"He's actually bitten at the tip, then?"

"It seems so. I'll not buy the stock, of course, for as soon as we begin to make heavy short sales on the present weak market the price of C. & N. W. will tumble, and then I'll call on him for more margin. It is up to us to ham-

mer the stock down as low as possible, compelling him to ante up right along or lose all he has put into the deal."

"That'll be great," said Robinson, rubbing his hands with glee. "I think it would be a good idea to force the price up a point or so at first so as to encourage him. We might get him to buy another 10,000 bunch, and then we'd have him doubly in our clutches."

"I agree with you, Robinson. I don't believe he's got more than \$250,000, or maybe \$300,000 altogether."

"Don't you fool yourself, Smooth," said Robinson. "He has got double that. He must have cleaned up half a million in the Southern Texas deal. You know how he soaked us on those 30,000 shares. If we can get back half what the syndicate lost I'll be satisfied, though I'd like to break him up altogether and force him out of business."

"Well, you, I and Benson will figure this matter out later on this afternoon. I must get back to my office now so as to complete the deal."

When Eddie returned with \$95,000 in his pocket he found Mr. Smooth waiting for him, like a spider in his den for an unsuspecting fly.

The boy paid over the money, and got his memorandum of the transaction.

The first act of the drama had been successfully played by the conspirators, and Eddie was unaware that he was enacting the role of an innocent lamb.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BEST-LAID SCHEMES OFT GO ASTRAY.

Two days later C. & N. W. had advanced a point, and Eddie commenced to congratulate himself on his good luck.

"I've a great mind to buy another 10,000 shares, if I can get them. That will double my profits when the time comes to unload. Yes, I'll do that. I'll get the money when I go to lunch."

An hour later he sent Bob on an errand to the Empire Building.

Bob was away an unusually long time, and when he returned he was much excited.

"What's the matter, Bob? Where have you been so long?" asked Eddie.

"I carried that note to the Empire Building. There was no answer to it."

"Well, it didn't take you nearly an hour to do that, did it?"

"No, of course not. On my way back I stopped in a Broad street cafe to get a drink of water, and while I was there Robinson and another broker named Benson came into the place and began talking about you."

"About me, eh?"

"Yes. I heard a good part of their conversation. I know Robinson has got his dagger in you, and so I considered it my duty to find out if I could whether there was anything in the wind that was against your interests."

"What did you discover?" grinned Eddie.

"I found out that Robinson, Smooth and Benson are in a scheme to do you up if they can."

"Oh, they are? I thought they had had enough of that kind of business. Well, let me hear the particulars."

"Robinson and Benson seemed to be sure that they were going to succeed this time. Their scheme is to squeeze you on C. & N. W. stock."

"On what stock?" asked Eddie, staring at his office assistant.

"C. & N. W. Have you received a tip by phone about that road? Benson said he sent it to you. It is all a fake to get you to go in heavily on the stock. They expect you will load up with the shares, and then they intend to commence selling the stock short so as to force the price down and oblige you to put up more margin to save yourself. I understood Robinson to say that you had already bought 10,000 shares of Smooth yesterday afternoon, and they expect to get you to take as much more. Smooth doesn't intend to buy the stock to fill your order, as they hope to manipulate the market so as to eventually wipe you out and divide up your margins between them."

This was startling news for Eddie.

But forewarned is forearmed.

He thanked Bob for the interest he had shown in his affairs, and then proceeded to consider how he should save the \$95,000 he had put up with Smooth the previous afternoon as margin on the 10,000 shares of C. & N. W.

"Now that I am on to the game I can get out with a whole skin and a little to the good by going right in to Smooth and ordering him to close out the deal at the one-point advance the stock has already made in the market. Or I can force him to go out and buy the shares for immediate delivery. I have the necessary \$855,000 to pay for them. That would treat him to an unpleasant surprise, for I don't think he has any idea I have so much ready money. Come to think of the matter, I don't see how they can force the price down unless they have or can get control of the stock, and that would take a lot of money. It is possible these rascals are working this game in connection with their inside knowledge of the purposes of some syndicate to depress temporarily the value of C. & N. W. I guess I am safe for a day or two at any rate. I'll make a few more inquiries about the road, and I'll state the case to Mr. Gibson, my broker, and ask his advice."

Eddie put on his hat and called on Mr. Gibson first.

He was shown into the big broker's private office.

"Well, Nott, what can I do for you to-day?"

"I called for a little advice, Mr. Gibson, as I am again the subject of a conspiracy on the part of Smooth and Robinson."

"Those gentlemen seem determined to wipe you off the earth if they can," said the broker, with a smile.

"It would seem so; but I'm going to give them a run for their money."

"Let me hear the particulars," said Mr. Gibson.

Eddie laid the facts as he knew them before his broker.

Mr. Gibson listened attentively once or twice as the boy told his story.

"So Mr. Smith sold you 10,000 shares of C. & N. W. at 95 two days ago?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is now quoted at 96, therefore you seem to be ahead of the game at this moment."

"Yes, sir; but I'm afraid that's part of the scheme."

"Hum! I suppose you know that if you presented yourself before Mr. Smooth to-day with \$855,000, and called for those shares he'd have to deliver them to you at 95 or take the consequences."

"Yes, sir. I rather think that would be a disagreeable surprise to him."

"I think he'd find it so before he got through."

"I had some idea of doing that, sir, instead of merely closing out the deal and taking my small profit."

"Why, have you the means of raising as large a sum as that?" asked Mr. Gibson, apparently astonished at the boy's resources.

"Yes, sir. I had exactly \$1,000,000 in cash in my safe deposit box before I took out the \$95,000 to put up to secure those shares. I have a balance of \$905,000 in my box at this moment."

"Then you have the game in your own hands, my boy," said the broker, knowingly. "You can get right back at Mr. Smooth in a way that will make him a very sick man."

"You mean I can save myself by paying for the shares outright and then disposing of them right away at the slight advance, and thus euchre the conspirators out of their anticipated plot."

"Listen, young man, and I will put you wise to a secret, but you must promise me on your word of honor that you will not breathe a whisper about it, nor use it yourself except to checkmate these rascals, for so they have proved themselves to be."

"I promise, sir," replied Eddie, wondering what was coming.

"I accept your word. Now, I will show you that these people have over-reached themselves trying to down you. They do not suspect the real situation. They are ignorant of the fact that two weeks ago a pool was formed to control C. & N. W. for the purpose of booming the price, and that the slight advance of one point since Tuesday is one of the inevitable results of the tightening of the stock. This syndicate had practically got hold of nearly all the shares that have been floating about the Street. You couldn't go on the Exchange this morning and buy even 5,000 shares of C. & N. W. to save your life. Mr. Smooth sold you something he did not possess, under the impression that it would be an easy matter to depress the price, and buy the stock later at a lower price, or not at all if you failed to sustain your margins under the bear operations which he expected to put in play. Instead of conspiring toward your ruin as they intended, Mr. Smooth and his associates in villainy have actually played into your hands. They have sold you shares that they cannot pos-

sibly deliver unless they get them from the brokers of the pool, and you know what that will mean to them. The result will be that Mr. Smooth will have to make terms with you if he can. As C. & N. W. is almost certain to go as high as 125, or even more, in less than a week, I think you would be foolish to let your enemies out of their predicament for a cent less than \$300,000."

Eddie was fairly dumfounded by the revelation, and for several moments he could not find his tongue.

Then he realized that he had Dudley Smooth and his associates under his thumb.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONCLUSION.

When Eddie returned to his office after an hour's absence there was a smile a yard wide on his features.

Eddie went on into his private room, sat down at his desk, and wrote the following note:

"Mr. Smooth:

"Dear Sir.—I shall call on you at three o'clock for the delivery of those 10,000 shares of C. & N. W. at 95. Please have them ready for me, as I shall bring the \$855,000 balance due with me to pay over to you.

"Very truly yours,

"Eddie Nott."

He placed the note in an envelope, sealed, and addressed it to Dudley Smooth.

Then he called Bob.

"Take this note next door, Bob. Deliver it to Mr. Smooth if he is in. I am going out now, and will not return before three o'clock."

When Mr. Smooth read the note he nearly fainted.

He rushed in to Robinson's office and showed it to him. Robinson uttered an oath.

"We shall lose him, after all," he snarled. "It can't be possible that he is worth so much money. He has found a backer somehow who has advanced him the money he lacked to buy the shares outright at first. But what the deuce can be his object in taking over this stock instead of closing out the deal as he had a right to do, but which of course we did not for a moment suspect he would do on such a tip as we put in his way? I was looking for him to buy another 10,000 shares."

"We seem to have the hardest kind of luck getting back at him. This is our third failure. We'll lose almost \$20,000 in this fiasco, for C. & N. W. is quoted on the ticker at 97. I'll have to run out and buy those shares now before they go any higher. He'll be after them at three o'clock."

"Well," replied Robinson, gloomily, "I never thought anything like this would happen. I was sure we had him dead to rights."

"I'm beginning to believe that he's altogether too smart to be trapped," said Smooth.

"Oh, we'll reach him some time if we keep on trying."

"I don't know about that. It seems to be expensive

amusement," replied the old man, turning on his heel and leaving the office.

He got his hat and started for the Exchange to buy the 10,000 shares of C. & N. W. he had to deliver that afternoon at three.

He was greatly surprised to find that the stock was so scarce that the most he was able to pick up was 3,000, and for a portion of this he had to give 98.

Then he began a tour of the big offices, but not a share could he find until half-past one, when he got hold of another thousand, for which he had to pay 99.

He called up both Robinson and Benson on the telephone, and explained the situation to them.

"I am still shy 6,000 shares of the amount I stand pledged to deliver at three o'clock," he said to each. "You must get out and hustle for the stock, for that boy will be able to hold me down to hard terms if I can't make good my contract, and we are all in the same boat. Your share of the loss on this thing may put you out of business."

They each grabbed their hats and dashed out to hunt the stock.

They had no better luck than that which had followed Mr. Smooth.

At quarter to three Smooth returned a badly rattled man to his office.

He had just 5,000 shares of C. & N. W. in his possession.

At five minutes to three he got word from both Robinson and Benson that they had been unable to get a share at any price.

In the meantime Eddie had planned a dramatic surprise for his old enemy.

He bought two small hand-bags, and having changed \$10,000 in bills into shining gold coin he put \$5,000 worth into each of the bags, and crammed packages of bills on top.

Then, when he reached his office, he disposed the rest of his money conspicuously about his person, to Bob's immense delight, who was on to his plan.

"Did you manage to unlock that door between our offices?" asked Eddie.

"I did. All you have to do is to turn the handle and walk in. It wants only a minute of three, and I hear Smooth talking in his reception-room now. Better make your entrance before he returns into his private room."

"Well, fling the door open for me," replied Eddie.

Bob hastened to do as he was told, and then the young broker walked solemnly into the old man's reception-room.

His appearance created an immediate sensation.

Broker Eddie was a veritable walking mint.

"Here's the cash, Mr. Smooth," he said, coolly. "Now cough up that stock."

But Mr. Smooth could not produce the full ten thousand shares, only five thousand, and he had to admit his inability to keep his contract.

"Well," replied Eddie, "what are you going to do about

it? I'm prepared to pay for the stock. I've got \$855,000 right here in hard money."

"I've been trying to get that stock ever since I got your note," began the old man in an humble manner for him. "But the most I could get was 5,000 shares."

"All right," replied Eddie, "there's nothing mean about me. I'll give you till three to-morrow to get the balance."

Smooth drew a breath of relief.

Surely he would be able to get it by then.

He found that he wasn't the only man trying to get the stock next day, and unsuccessfully at that, and to his abject misery the price of C. & N. W. rose steadily to 110.

He returned to his office and sent for Eddie.

"I can't get the balance of this stock. I'll deliver half, and pay you the present market figure on the balance."

That would have meant a loss of about \$100,000 to the conspirators, but Eddie wouldn't have it.

He was entitled to his pound of flesh, and as Smooth and Robinson had done him dirt he was going to have it.

He finally agreed to settle for \$350,000, when C. & N. W. reached 125, and Smooth was only too glad to accept the boy's terms.

As soon as the old man had paid him over that amount, a part of which he realized from the sale of the 5,000 shares in his possession, he called on Robinson and Benson to make good their share of the loss.

Benson was just able to do so, but Robinson was cleaned out, and had to leave the Street, a financial wreck.

By this time Eddie was worth \$1,350,000, and had gathered about him quite a lot of customers.

He moved to more commodious offices in another building, and Carrie Thornton became his stenographer.

Bob Hawkins was raised to the post of margin clerk and all-around office hand, while Tommy Ropes shook Mr. Smooth and became his messenger.

That was three years ago.

During the early days of June Eddie Nott and Carrie Thornton were married, and are at this moment on their wedding tour in France.

Eddie can sign his check to-day for three million, and he is not twenty-two yet.

For the few years he has been a rising broker he has certainly made A Mint of Money.

THE END.

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